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THE NEW

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The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

WITH the League idea on the scrap-heap and anarchy once more established in Europe, agreements based purely on considerations of strategy and the imperial interests of the Great Powers become inevitable. The victims of aggression must be sacrificed. Assuming Franco's victory with Italian help—and Britain fears Germany in Spain more than Italy—the Italian agreement only comes into force when Fascism has conquered Spain. Italian sovereignty in Abyssinia is to be recognised with British and French help at Geneva; already the smaller Powers, including Czechoslovakia, are hastening to patch up their quarrel with Italy by acknowledging the *de jure* position of the "King of Italy and Emperor of Ethiopia." The French agreement with Italy is to follow the lines of the British; Mussolini will agree that France as well as Italy has "vital interests" in the Mediterranean and East Africa, and mutual expressions of goodwill will be exchanged and spheres of interest amicably allocated. France is likely, in the matter of communications between Marseilles and Northern Africa, to require guarantees more substantial than those which satisfied Mr. Chamberlain. In any case it remains to be seen how far the Duce will abide by his promises and whether these agreements are the prelude to an agreement with Germany or to increased military preparations for war with Germany.

King Carol and the Fascist

King Carol of Rumania on the side of the angels—or at least fighting the blacker sort of devils—is a strange spectacle! His blows at the Iron Guard and M. Codreanu are not, of course, inspired by any love of democracy. He is an absolutist, fighting for his own interest against an out-and-out Fascist movement which, if it gets into power, would reduce him to a cipher—or to something even more disagreeable. Nevertheless, at this juncture, the king's interest may march to a large extent with ours. We may be a little sceptical about the popular reforms he promises; but at least he is a barrier against the anti-Semitism and the rest of the Fascist abominations that M. Codreanu and his friends have stood for. Nor is this all. Carol's moves, and the support they have had in the country, are a sign of a reorientation of Rumanian policy—a cooling off of the relations with Germany which were warming up a few months ago, and a reversion to the old attachment to France. German designs in south-eastern Europe have been pretty patent, and it is natural enough that not Rumania only, but her neighbours, should regard the latest developments between Italy, Britain and France as offering the best line of defence against a Nazi "Drang nach Osten."

The Slaughter in China

The Chinese successes of last week have been followed by a strong Japanese counter-attack in Southern Shantung. Large forces are advancing, as we write, towards Suchow; the Chinese, though heavily pressed, are offering a stubborn resistance. On the eastern front in Kiangsu province slight progress by the Chinese is reported near Liyang. On the Peking-Hankow front there has been a withdrawal of the invading columns, and the Chinese are attacking at various points in Southern Hopei province. Guerillas are active in many districts, with casualties, if the official communiqués are to be believed, amounting to scores of thousands and immense destruction. Meanwhile there have been conflicting rumours of political dissension and unrest in Japan—arising largely from the illness of the Prime Minister, Prince Konoye. We are now assured that Prince Konoye will be back in harness next week, determined to see the "protracted armed conflict with China" through to the bitter end. Maybe; but that does not prove that there is no uneasiness in Japan about the protraction of the conflict and its consequences now and hereafter.

The War in Spain

Our correspondent cables from Barcelona: "The military situation is more serious now that the rebels have cut the Barcelona-Valencia road. But the two parts of Republican Spain will still be in close contact by air, radio and sea. General Miaja, assisted by persons better equipped politically, will act as a sort of viceroy in Central Spain, and will be kept supplied with arms by the factories in his own province as well as by shipments from abroad and from Catalonia. The Republican fleet, based on Cartagena, will have no serious opposition at sea if it goes out to convoy vessels carrying precious freight, and at night it will be exposed to little danger from aerial attack. Military and political leaders will be able to move between Catalonia and Madrid without great difficulty. The district, the temporary capital of which is Madrid, can feed itself—with the relative insufficiency which it has known and stoically accepted these many months. Its spirit is reported to be excellent and its resistance likely to be stubborn. The Spaniards are not good organisers and it remains to be seen whether the decentralisation consequent on this bisection of the Republic will hamper or facilitate the prosecution of the war in each section. As I cable, the insurgents are making some headway southwards down the coast from Viñaroz to Castellon, but Tortosa is still holding out. There are brighter features in the dark picture. (1) The Government army is better equipped—aeroplanes excepted—than it has ever been. (2) Aeroplanes have been coming in from abroad in recent weeks; none had come for months previously. Their number is small and Loyalist aviation is still very deficient, but hopes of further importations are high. (3) I have talked just now to five members of the new Negrin Government; they are calm and hopeful and preparing for a long struggle. (4) Catalonia is slowly recognising the fact that a state of war exists. The poorer classes seem more inclined than the comfortable and rich to make sacrifices and to contribute their lives and limbs. Perhaps that is as it must be. (5) Human reserves have scarcely been tapped (too many civilians are still on the streets) and if there is time to train them, there will be no shortage of soldiers. (6) The Ebro river is a good natural line of defence for Catalonia. If the rebels, therefore, turn in the direction of Valencia, the Barcelona authorities will have the opportunity to mobilise Catalan resources. As Señor Alvarez Del Vayo, the Foreign Minister, said to me yesterday: "Time has the floor."

The President Moves

Convinced at last that the depression in the United States will not cure itself, President Roosevelt has chosen his policy. He still clings to the conceptions of the New Deal; he still holds Big Business responsible for creating the slump by monopolistic practices and prolonging it by mule-like and unpatriotic contumacy. He refuses to cajole the mule by concessions, even in the matter of taxes, and has decided instead to try to galvanise the animal into activity by a powerful "shot" of inflation. Bank credit is expanded by reducing the proportion of funds required to be held in reserve and by using the Treasury's "sterilised" gold as a fresh reinforcement to the credit base. In addition, Congress is to be asked to appropriate over £900 millions for expenditure on relief, for public works, loans to States and municipalities and for advances to utility, railroad and other business enterprises. In spite of its recent attitude of disapproval towards every proposal from the White House, Congress will doubtless sanction most, if not all, of this electorally attractive programme. Gradually the increase in relief payments should filter back in the form of enhanced demands for consumers' goods. But, even if States and municipalities may be glad to relieve their local unemployment problems by borrowing on easy terms for public works, their expenditure may not do much more than offset the continuing shrinkage of private capital investment; and it is even more questionable whether business companies will go in for programmes of re-equipment and expansion so long as the present Administration lasts. At present their fear of President Roosevelt is matched only by their hatred, and in these circumstances enterprise may well be slow to revive.

The French Strike

M. Daladier's success in settling the French strikes has earned him plenty of applause; but it has still to be seen how long the settlements will last. In the factories working to Government order, a small wage advance has been conceded; but a 45-hour week is to be worked for the present instead of one of 40 hours—a serious step back from the Trade Union point of view. In the metal industry as a whole the arbitrators have rejected the workers' major claims, or rather referred them to be dealt with in the new collective agreements which are shortly to be negotiated—unless the employers refuse to negotiate them, as they may. M. Daladier, following the example of M. Chautemps, is now said to be contemplating an "anti-strike" law to prohibit stoppages of work until they have been approved by a ballot of the men concerned. If such a law is passed, there will assuredly be trouble. The C.G.T. is already much more openly hostile than the Socialist or the Communist Party to the Daladier Government; and the Socialists in the Chamber will certainly have to offer strong opposition to any Bill restricting

Trade Union rights, on penalty of losing their influence in the country. This will leave the Daladier Cabinet dependent on the Right and Centre, and either cause its fall or break the Front Populaire altogether. But M. Daladier has a respite, and, for the moment, as the financiers are being kind to him, he is having a fairly easy time while he works out his decree programme.

The Co-operative and the People's Front

The annual conference of the Co-operative Party has caused a considerable flutter at Transport House by declaring in favour of a Popular Front, or, as they call it, a "United Peace Alliance." This decision, coming hard on the heels of the Transport House manifesto denouncing the "United Front" and the "People's Front" with equal vehemence, was taken by the Co-operative Party on the advice of its chairman, Mr. Alfred Barnes, M.P., against the votes of the majority of the Co-operative M.P.s and of the delegates of the London Societies. That it should have been taken against so formidable an opposition indicates a strong feeling among the rank and file in favour of an alliance "for peace and democracy" with the object of pulling the present Government down before it has done irreparable mischief. The London Co-operators' attitude is doubtless due to their feeling, based on domestic politics, that they are doing well enough without allies, and that they have no desire to share power on the L.C.C. with the Liberal "rump." But over the country as a whole, the feeling in favour of some sort of democratic alliance is growing fast, and no outpouring of official manifestos seems likely to stop it. The Co-operative Party's vote will not immediately bring matters to a head; for it was decided to refer the issue to the National Co-operative Authority which represents all sections of the movement. This means that nothing further is likely to be done until the full Co-operative Congress meets at Whitsuntide.

The Cinema Strike

Disputes which involve conflicts of jurisdiction between rival Trade Unions are apt to be awkward affairs to settle. In the cinema industry, whereas one Union, the National Association of Theatrical and Kine Employees, has an agreement with the London cinema proprietors, a substantial fraction of the skilled technicians belong to the Electrical Trades Union, which is claiming recognition of its right to bargain collectively and an advance in wages. This being refused, on account of the agreement with the other Union, the E.T.U. members have struck work, whereas the members of the N.A.T.E. are keeping the cinemas open, and accusing the E.T.U. of poaching on their preserves and attempting to seduce away their membership. Both Unions being affiliated to the Trades Union Congress, the General Council will presumably have in due course to deal with their rival claims; but in the meantime the cinemas have been able to stay open over the holidays despite the strike. During the past few days the E.T.U. has extended the stoppage to certain sections of the film industry, where also there are several rival societies. Obviously, the best thing would be a comprehensive agreement with the employers, to which both the E.T.U. and its rivals would be parties, and a parallel agreement among the Unions defining their respective spheres of operation. The electricians are key men both in the cinemas and in the film studios; and effective safeguarding of conditions clearly requires their collaboration with the other bodies of workers in the amusement industries.

Teachers in Conference

The Easter Conference of the National Union of Teachers was unsparing in its criticism of the defects of our educational system—in particular the mass exemption of children under 15 which the Education Act encourages, and the inadequacy of the provisions alike for secondary education and for nursery schools. We are still struggling—for all our boasts that we are a democratic and a progressive nation—for the acceptance of the principle that "merit and not money should be the open sesame to all educational opportunities." And educationists and doctors are still stressing, year in and year out, the folly of the State that takes so little thought for the welfare of a host of children from two to five years of age. The National Association of Schoolmasters, who were also in conference, put its finger on another weak spot—the poor remuneration of the primary teachers. It is indeed a just ground of complaint that a schoolmaster starting his career, and engaged in highly skilled and supremely responsible work, should receive a salary of 65*s.* a week. But for the claim of the women teachers to better pay—or to "equal pay for equal work"—the Schoolmasters, as usual, showed no sympathy. In their opposition to their principle (which is supported by the N.U.T.) we think the N.A.S. are wrong. It is not, as some of them pretend, simply a "specious theory," pushed by a determined body of spinsters among the teachers, who refuse to face the realities of the situation.

Official Secrets

The National Union of Journalists at their Easter conference passed a resolution protesting against recent prosecutions of newspaper reporters under the Official Secrets Acts. The protest was timely. The Acts have been lately invoked in the case of one journalist alleged to have received information from a telephone operator and of another who wrote a story based, so the police claimed, on a confidential circular wrongfully shown him. In neither case was the matter published relevant in any way to the security of the State, but the Courts have now held that any policeman or Post Office employee "holds office under His Majesty," so that any information derived from these sources may be an official secret. It is pertinent to recall that when the Act of 1911 and the Amending Act of 1920 were passed, Parliament received the most specific assurances—on the first occasion from Lord Haldane, and on the second from the Attorney-General—that the intention was not to create legal restrictions on the press but to deal simply with espionage. That an Act designed for that quite proper purpose should now be used as an instrument to discipline journalists who publish trivial and harmless news which happens to run counter to the wishes of the police is an "authoritarian" development which calls for firm resistance.

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THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE ITALIAN AGREEMENT

THERE is a mistaken notion abroad that the British agreement with Italy is a brilliant improvisation of Mr. Chamberlain's to rescue this country from an awkward predicament. Nothing can be farther from the truth. The British agreement with Italy and the French agreement which is to follow are the climax of a policy long and persistently pursued. The main feature of this policy is its total rejection of the conception of international justice which has been centred round Geneva since 1919. So long as Mr. Eden was in the British Cabinet the League was still talked about and the Chamberlain policy disguised. To-day the repudiation of any principle of honesty or justice in international affairs is open and avowed; Britain and France are to ask the other Powers at Geneva to recognise the Italian conquest of Abyssinia, which is still unconquered, and to make their agreements with Italy contingent upon the victory of General Franco in Spain. Clearly we are back at the old "power politics," naked and unashamed. But "power politics" are not to take, as Mr. Churchill and his friends would like them to, the pre-war form of the balance of power. The aim is a Four-Power pact in which Britain and France attempt to buy immunity for themselves by an understanding with Germany and Italy that their expansion will be unopposed, provided that it does not directly menace British and French interests.

Two serious difficulties still stand in the way of the achievement of a Four Power pact. The first is the opposition of the still uncrushed democracies of Britain and France which regard a pact of this nature as dangerous to themselves and hate it as involving the triumph of Fascism and the enthronement of international immorality. The second difficulty is that Hitler, now swollen with conquest, is increasingly difficult to envisage as an ally or as the adherent to any pact. The various direct appeals so far made to the Nazis have failed and the Axis, though damaged by Hitler's seizure of Austria, still remains an incalculable factor. At best Mr. Chamberlain may hope that this agreement with Mussolini gives him a breathing space, relieves the immediate tension in the Mediterranean and may enable Britain and France to negotiate with Hitler, instead of with a hostile and united Axis. With Mussolini as a neutralising and balancing factor the chance of an agreement with Hitler and of achieving a Four-Power pact is obviously improved.

The policy of the Four-Power pact first became public three years ago at the time of the Stresa Conference, when the agreement with Mussolini was understood to be the prelude to a larger pact which would include Germany. The growing power of Germany compelled France to desire above everything to end her quarrel with Italy; and the Italo-French agreement of January, 1935, was M. Laval's own peculiar achievement. In the spring of that year at the Stresa Conference, Mussolini joined with the other League Powers in condemning Hitler's occupation of the Rhineland; nothing was said of the Duce's open preparation for war in Abyssinia. But it was that war that forced diplomacy back to Geneva.

At first neither British nor French diplomacy took much account of the Duce's ambitions in Africa. M. Laval, who was privy to the Abyssinian adventure, assumed that something could be fixed up at Geneva, and the British Foreign Office merely took steps to see that it would not seriously affect British interests. Throughout the summer of 1935, London and Paris, working on old and well-understood ground, devised offers which would enable Mussolini to achieve the substance of victory without going to war or without upsetting the balance of power in East Africa. They made two miscalculations. They could not conceive that the Duce would want war for its own sake, that he desired not so much the spoils of victory as a proof for his own public that he was a conqueror. They also underestimated the force of world opinion at Geneva and the strength of British opinion which had begun, as the Peace Ballot showed, to understand the meaning of the League. Hence the confusion and tragedy of Sir Samuel Hoare's speech at Geneva and the Laval-Hoare terms that followed it; the speech represented the desire of the majority of the British people, but experts even then were working out the sort of compromise which diplomacy would expect to achieve when a weak country incurs the enmity of a Great Power. It is worth while to-day to remember Sir Samuel Hoare's words, spoken, as those who heard them will remember, with great force and deliberation. Sir Samuel Hoare said:

> In conformity with its precise and explicit obligations, the League stands, and my country stands with it, for the collective maintenance of the Covenant in its entirety, and particularly for steady and collective resistance to attacks of unprovoked aggression. The attitude of the British nation in the last few weeks has clearly demonstrated the fact that this is no variable and unreliable sentiment, but a principle of international conduct to which they and their Government hold with firm, enduring, and universal persistence.

These words, which read strangely to-day, won the election for the National Government. They were also the prelude to an offer of terms which destroyed the League and all respect for the honour of British statesmen, and to those half-hearted sanctions which deceived the Emperor of Abyssinia into believing that he could afford to trust the League to defend him. The sanctions imposed were enough to annoy Mussolini, but so managed as to convince him that he need take no notice in the future of any country as degenerate as Britain. On that assurance he later matured and pursued his plans in Spain and found, as he expected, that Britain as a member of the Non-Intervention Committee was no more to be respected than Britain as a member of the League of Nations. He could always arrange a new British humiliation for every Roman holiday; while British Ministers were assuring the House of Commons that they knew nothing of Italian intervention in Spain, he could openly congratulate his generals and soldiers on their glorious achievements in slaughtering Spaniards and conquering their territory.

To those members of the Cabinet and of the Foreign Office who have worked for the present policy, Sir Samuel Hoare's speech was an unfortunate incident, an unwise concession to public opinion. They could only await the moment when Mussolini's difficulties would make him desire to return to the Stresa fold. They had to wait longer than they expected, because the Duce's Spanish adventure brought a new element of danger and uncertainty. Moreover, Mr. Eden objected to being double-crossed, as he was in the Gentleman's Agreement of January, 1937, and insisted that there must be some real

guarantee about Italian intentions in Spain before any future agreement. Therefore, Mr. Chamberlain got rid of Mr. Eden. To-day we are back at Stresa—but Stresa with a difference. For with Hitler in Spain and in Austria a new set of obstacles lie before those who would turn the Three into a Four-Power pact.

It will be seen from this history that the details of the British-Italian agreement are of only secondary importance. The real crux is the coming effort to make an agreement with Hitler. Now that the League has been destroyed, such an agreement has become vitally necessary for British diplomacy. It is for that reason that Mr. Chamberlain is willing to accept an agreement so nebulous and inconclusive with Italy. Its chief value for the purpose he has in mind is that it does, for the time at least, remove tension between Britain and Italy in the Mediterranean and therefore facilitates discussions with Germany. Mussolini may indeed be the go-between with Hitler. The benefits of the agreement to Mussolini are obvious. He gets recognition of Abyssinia and the public admission that Britain expects the victory of General Franco since she is willing to wait until Spain is conquered for Fascism before asking Italy to fulfil her side of the bargain. On that condition he promises not to occupy or keep troops in Spanish territory; this is an easy promise, for the Duce may maintain his hold over General Franco even after he has been proclaimed an independent Spanish dictator. Mussolini offers, too, to remove his troops from Libya—which is something of a joke, because he can always put them back again if he wishes to extort something more from Britain. Then Britain and Italy jointly agree not to interfere or take sides in any future trouble that may occur in either of the two Arab States that lie on the Eastern border of the Red Sea. Nothing, strangely enough, is said about Palestine, though we had always understood that it was in Palestine that Britain most feared Mussolini's intervention. The Duce also renews his old promises about Lake Tsana and the conscription of Abyssinian troops.

Taken as a whole, it is a grand agreement, which may be summarised by saying that Mussolini promises not to make unprovoked attacks on the British Empire from the time when the war in Spain has been settled in a sense favourable to him. Finally, and it is one of the most interesting points, England and Italy promise to exchange military information. This may mean much or nothing. In certain circumstances, if negotiations with Germany are unsuccessful, it may be the beginning of a military alliance in the Mediterranean. But it is an elastic phrase which can be forgotten if the course of British-Italian friendship ceases to run smoothly.

The future is menacing and obscure. It is only clear that if this agreement with Italy ever comes into force—and the date is problematic—there remains a dark and difficult way to go before it develops into a Four-Power pact. Is the British Government prepared to make imperial concessions to Hitler, and are these what Hitler wants? If not, one wonders what agreement is possible with Hitler—since British complacency about his expansion in Eastern Europe is already taken for granted. If, on the other hand, no agreement is reached with Hitler, Mr. Chamberlain will presumably increase his war preparations and hope that Mussolini will not be in a position to double-cross Britain as Italy double-crossed Germany in 1915.

LABOUR AND THE POPULAR FRONT

[This article is written by a correspondent of Liberal views who would like to co-operate with Labour.]

Every major victory which reaction has won in post-war Europe has been won through the division of the forces of democracy. This was the case in Italy where, before the March on Rome, four mutually irreconcilable brands of Socialists were quarrelling, and where Mussolini was finally fortified in power by the support which the Catholic "Populists" gave him in desertion of their democratic principles. It was the case also in Germany. When the war ended, the leaders of Social Democracy tried to save the Monarchy, then made a pact with the Reichswehr command against the people, and later participated in the massacre of revolutionary workmen. In later years Hitler climbed to power on the division between Communists and Social Democrats. The situation in Austria was not radically different. Here Dollfuss, leader of the peasant movement, assaulted and destroyed the political power of Viennese Socialism, and therewith the survival value of Austrian independence. It was the same in Spain, where the particularism of the Anarcho-Syndicalists in Catalonia and elsewhere during the first year of war grievously delayed the organisation of effective military and industrial resistance to Franco.

That is how civil liberty founders in country after country. Moreover, democratic nations are successively falling victims to military conquest for an analogous reason, that they are being deserted by those whose interest is to stand with them. In the cases of Ethiopia and Spain, the only collective international action was an arms embargo directed not against the aggressor but against the victim of aggression. On each occasion, this policy was inspired and planned by the present National Government of Great Britain. If it is further pursued it must entail the destruction or alienation of all the potential allies of this country, and must presently place Britain's destinies at the absolute disposition of her Totalitarian rivals. Could evidence be stronger that our domestic liberty and external peace—which are closely related, since Germany threatens both—alike demand the concentration of all democratic and all patriotic elements for the purpose of overthrowing the present Government?

It is in these circumstances and in disregard of this challenge, that the Labour Party has suddenly and gratuitously repudiated the principle of co-operation with other groups in the defence of democracy and international order. On the 23rd of this month, a conference is to be held in the Queen's Hall; it is convoked by leading Socialists and Liberals supported by certain Left Conservatives and Churchmen in order to devise means of pressure upon the British Government to grant to the Spanish Government its rights. The only effective pressure possible is the hostile convergence of a wide range of political and non-party opinion. Yet the participation of Labour leaders in the conference arrangements has actually evoked severe criticism within the Labour Party itself; and, what is worse, the National Executive has seized the excuse of this opportunity for the issue of a deplorable document meant to intimidate those Socialists who are disposed to accept non-Socialist help in the service of causes which Socialism approves.

Thus the decision that "there can be no association in any way whatever with . . . 'Popular Front' movements" is stated to be "definitely binding on all members of the Labour Party." The Executive also decrees that "the support of party members should be definitely withheld from movements which are bound to weaken the Party's organisation and electoral power by association with other political bodies." "Bound to weaken the Party's electoral power?" The assumption is a rash one; what the electorate requires of an alternative government is, above all, a sense of authority and responsibility, and the Labour Party would forfeit no confidence through displaying willingness to broaden the basis of its authority

as the nucleus of a prospective emergency Government. Lastly, the statement recalls, in justification of its prohibitions, "that in the Parliament of 1929 Labour was only 19 seats short of a bare majority;" "emphasises its belief . . . that the capture of power can be achieved;" and implies that a bare majority, when attained, can be employed, properly and also effectually, to carry out a distinctively Socialist policy in complete disregard of the feelings of an Opposition, however large.

The mentality displayed in this document is positively frightening. It displays no awareness of an emergency, of a crisis in civilisation; its horizon is bounded by a commonplace desire of a party machine to win an election without dividing the spoils. Yet there is nothing in the trend of contemporary opinion to justify the hope of the Labour Party that they can win the next one, if the anti-Government vote is to remain split in hundreds of constituencies. Nor does the Executive's statement display any recognition of the enormous value which would result from the removal of Mr. Chamberlain, now, within the lifetime of the present Parliament, through the sustained and united pressure of all opposing groups. But so long as the English Left stands divided Conservatism remains inexpugnable; the real *tertii gaudentes* being Mussolini and Hitler, who are secretly grateful to the Labour Executive. To incur the responsibility of perpetuating this situation at a moment when, to quote Mr. Churchill's lapidary phrase, Britain is "descending the dark stairway to the abyss," is to sacrifice everything Labour is supposed to stand for in the interests of an arid institutionalism. It also confirms the growing impression that if war breaks out the Labour leaders would enter a Chamberlain Cabinet.

Yet Labour will not now make an electoral pact with the Liberals, and the Trade Union leaders (though the A.E.U. holds out) have consented to discuss with Mr. Chamberlain the "dilution of labour" in the engineering trade without demanding conditions about help for Spain or even demanding the end of the present profiteering in armaments and the nationalisation of the industry.

Let it be supposed that, the March of Time and Hitler having stood still during an appropriate interval, our Labour Party were to win its "bare" majority. What then? Does it intend to drive integral Socialism through into operation in the teeth of all obstacles? It is not in any case practicable. In the flood-tide of world reaction the forces that won victory in August, 1931, would certainly overthrow any purely Labour Government. The Front Populaire, a great conjunction of progressive forces, proletarian and bourgeois, in a country where reaction is weaker than here, has fought a losing battle for two years and has now been defeated. Should an electoral accident place the British Labour Party in power, how can it hope to be more successful in avoiding destruction by the tide of counter-revolution, when it has neglected the precaution, which the French Socialists took, of first marshalling to its side all the sympathetic elements in the country? A Conservative Duchess or an anti-Fascist Bishop wield an influence in circles which exercise an important extra-parliamentary power over our destinies—I mean the backstairs of the "upper ten." They can also speak with the glamour of authority to our timid and docile middle classes. What can be more improvident than to reject such assets?

The question of the use of majorities wears an ethical aspect too. Democracy is the least ineffective instrument for restricting the grosser inroads upon freedom, and it must be worked in a spirit of reverence for freedom and for individual rights. The art of statesmanship consists essentially in the evolution of harmony; in the discovery and application of policies which will satisfy many groups, even if for different reasons. Successful government must always rest upon a very wide measure of general consent; and while important social changes cannot await the attainment of unanimity, and may rightly be enforced against the determined opposition of a small clique, however powerful, they should never be introduced in despite of the sentiments of a very large minority.

Is it not ironical that the Labour Party, so harsh in the exaction of formal discipline from its own members, yet remains stone-deaf to the *reveille* of the higher self-discipline which to-day is calling all the sons of freedom to forget what divides them and to form a solid phalanx in her defence? Are the officials responsible for this inconsistency men to whom the fate of freedom and of Britain is indifferent? Apparently they are unwilling to accept as recruits any who cannot subscribe to the whole programme and tenets of a Socialism which they know very well they cannot in fact carry through unaided. Clearly, in these circumstances, the first political task is to settle what our overriding aim is, and to arrange our several aims on a scale of priorities. The fundamental question is not: "Do I think Socialism or Capitalism the better?" It is the prior question: "Do I consider the preservation of spiritual values such as liberty more important than the pursuit of economic advantages?"

The greatest need of the present time is reassertion of the primacy of moral and spiritual values as a truth to be lived by or died for. All the decadence rotting western civilisation is due to paltering with this truth. Political immorality consists in sacrificing the higher values to the lower, other groups to one's own, posterity to immediate advantage, all in the name of a so-called "realism," heedless of the eternal fact that the disinterested pursuit of justice for all is the balm without which society disintegrates. Hence the selfishness of the merely acquisitive aim, whether individual or collective, stands condemned. Socialism must be related to the welfare of the whole country, and should be sought in company with all progressive elements. Until the Continental dictatorships have fallen, it cannot be sought at all; and if their military strength increases, they will stretch out a grisly arm to assist Mr. Chamberlain in conducting the burial of Britain's ancestral liberties. Why then "make-believe" that Labour can play a lone hand?

FAREWELL TO AUSTRIA

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT RECENTLY IN AUSTRIA]

NOBODY in this country is likely to take seriously the figures of the fantastic "plebiscite" of Herr Hitler. In Vienna nearly every anti-Nazi to whom I spoke declared that it was impossible to take the risk of voting "No," since it was believed that voting papers cast into the urn would fall exactly one on top of the other and that the numbering of names of voters as they drew their voting papers would make it possible to trace every adverse vote. The mere belief in such an idea, whether it were true or not, was, of course, enough to stifle effective opposition. To this must be added the exclusion from the poll of all those with any Jewish blood in their veins, the arrests and imprisonment of thousands of supporters of Dr. Schuschnigg and the incessant, entirely one-sided propaganda by radio and press, the knowledge of the terror against opponents, and the extravagant promises of work and welfare for all, with *hors d'oeuvres* of the banquet to come in the shape of free meal distributions by the army, unlimited opportunities to plunder the Jews, and so forth.

Dr. Schuschnigg's moving declaration before the world on the radio—when he knew his arrest must follow within an hour—that the Nazi stories of workers rioting in Austria "were lies from A to Z," was absolutely true. Disorders there had been in Austria on a cumulative scale, starting immediately after Hitler's speech on the Berchtesgaden agreement. But these were carefully organised Nazi demonstrations designed to compel the Chancellor to abandon authority in one part of the country after another, or to employ troops. The latter was internally a feasible proposition, since the army had not been undermined by Nazi conspiracy to any considerable extent. But the first attempt of the Austrian Government to reassert itself in this way would have been met by Germany putting into operation the famous "Tavs Plan" of Rudolf Hess for the invasion of Austria, which was seized by the police in the Vienna Nazi headquarters as long ago as

February. This plan was followed when on March 11th, Dr. Schuschnigg prepared for defence and called up the 1915 class. The same day came the three ultimata of Herr Hitler and the march of 100,000 German troops. On that day the need to embarrass Schuschnigg by demonstrations ended. The Reichswehr had its orders. One might believe the stories of the 100,000 rifles and of workers' disorders had one single shot been fired in opposition to the Nazis. There was not one, and the only rifles in evidence on March 11th were those carried by half-uniformed Nazi boys that night as they raced round the capital in motor lorries to the terror of peaceable citizens. I know of a case in which a body of 200 workers, men, women and children, entirely unarmed, was marching towards the Inner City to take part in the peaceful demonstrations in favour of Dr. Schuschnigg's plebiscite. They did not know that Schuschnigg had made his farewell speech half an hour before. As they reached the Rennweg police station, half a dozen police rushed at them, shouting " Who is the leader? " Proudly the Fatherland Front official in charge stepped forward. Without a word the police, secretly enrolled as part of the illegal S.S. in the Nazi conspiracy, drew their truncheons and struck the man full across the face, while the terrified and bewildered participants in the procession scattered and ran for their lives. Such were the " Communist riots in Vienna."

The terror began in Austria half an hour after Schuschnigg's farewell radio speech. I saw the enormous Nazi mobs at a given signal surging into the streets with their long hidden banners, escorted by lorry-loads of armed youths, wrecking the insignia of the Fatherland Front headquarters at Am Hof, seizing the Chancellery, the Rathaus and all the Ministries while some 25 to 30 per cent. of the police, involved for years in the conspiracy, slipped on the forbidden swastika brassards kept ready in their pockets. On that night the loyal police and officials in all the Ministries were arrested and the persecution of monarchists, Jews, patriotic Catholics and the leaders of the Left set in. Naturally exceptions were made for those whose courage failed, like Cardinal Innitzer and the bishops who followed his lead, the almost senile Right-wing Socialist ex-Chancellor, Dr. Renner, and rank and file non-Jewish revolutionaries and Communists whom the Nazis have wooed with almost servile flattery. In general, however, the wave of arrests running into many thousands has continued, and so has the plundering of the Jews. On the whole, the German troops have behaved well, shown marked distaste for mob violence towards the Jews and seem to have had little part in the general plundering beyond helping themselves to what they wanted to eat, without payment, at such well-known Jewish shops as " Wuerstel Biel " on the Schottenring. There the proprietor sagely announced by large placards in the window to his non-paying guests, " To-day roast goose available," and thus escaped further violence. But, of course, the German authorities in supreme control of Vienna are entirely responsible for the organised plundering of the Jews, preparations for which were made years ago.

There has been comparatively little mob plundering. But the cold-blooded and cynical spoliation is far worse. I watched storm troopers loading under police protection during two days the entire contents of a Jewish millinery shop in the Taborstrasse into motor lorries. Night after night storm troopers visit Jewish flats and in the name of " requisitions " carry off money, jewellery, motor cars and sometimes everything in the flat. They give receipts which on presentation to the police, as the storm troopers instruct, are rejected, or torn up and thrown in the victims' faces. If the victims follow the instructions of the Nazi press and ring up the police alarm detachments, they are told that no one is available. One case I investigated, now the subject of diplomatic intervention, is typical. While the Nazis were removing everything in the flat (which belonged to a non-Austrian couple living abroad), the houseowner's Austrian mother-in-law tried to telephone the police and friends for help. She could get no connection with the exchange. But when the plunderers required more lorries, they dialled a secret number, gave a password, and thereafter were able to get any connection they wished. The frequent warnings in the press against " unauthorised requisitions by Reds, misusing Nazi uniforms " are nothing but a cynical effort to establish an alibi in the eyes of foreign countries. The facts are known to every legation and consulate in Vienna, but they are powerless, save to some extent in the case of their nationals, who affix to their house doors consular certificates of ownership which are the envy of all non-Nazi Viennese.

Against the official figure of 1,500 to 1,600 arrests, a figure of 30,000 for Vienna alone was being generally accepted by diplomats within a week of the occupation. All regular prisons are packed, as are the many irregular prisons established in many parts of Vienna by the storm troopers; from neighbours of these houses of terror I have established how frequently isolated shots are heard from them at night. Big batches of prisoners have been carried off to that hell on earth, Dachau. Goering's warning to the Viennese Nazis against unauthorised killings had its reasons; the Field-Marshal feared the effect on international opinion of the encouragement of the pogrom spirit of Dr. Goebbels, and Herr Buerckel really did his best, without much hope of success, to put on the brake.

Brutalities to the humbler Jews are matched by the humiliations inflicted on prominent Austrians, especially aristocrats. Count Hoyos, member of one of the oldest families of the country and President of the Federal Diet, Colonel Adam, of the Austro-Hungarian General Staff, recently Commissar for Propaganda, Ambassador Ludwig, head of the Press Chamber, are only three of the many aristocrats or high officials forced to put on aprons and wait at table on their guards and the other prisoners, spending long hours washing dishes and doing other menial tasks. Baron Louis Rothschild was at first employed scrubbing floors and cleaning lavatories. Most terrible is the *lettre de cachet* system which makes it impossible to discover whether those who have disappeared into the Nazi prisons are alive or dead, tortured or merely deprived of liberty, kept in Austria or transported to German concentration camps. Even the efforts of foreign legations to ascertain the fate of such distinguished prisoners, for instance, as Baron Hornbostl, permanent head of the political department of the Foreign Office, or Dr. Behrmann (" Arnold Hoellriegel ") the eminent publicist, Hollywood scenario writer and friend of Douglas Fairbanks and Charlie Chaplin, are fruitless. It is known that the former Consul General in Canada, latterly a high official of the Press Department, Dr. Kleinwaechter, is to be charged with high treason because he faithfully performed his duty to the Schuschnigg Government, that Prince Ernst and Prince Max of Hohenberg have been generally well treated and removed to East Prussia, that the leaders of the Jewish religious community will be charged with high treason because they contributed to a fund to finance Dr. Schuschnigg's plebiscite; but little further definite information can be obtained. Herr Richard Schmitz, the former Burgomaster, has been seen on hands and knees washing the Dollfuss cross from the pavement before the Rathaus, and is further to be charged with high treason. I established the facts in the case of one Legitimist aristocrat over 70 years of age, who was kept for two days with 28 others in a cell so full that they had to take turns in sitting on the floor. In the centre of the room was one large bucket for sanitary purposes, emptied once in 24 hours. Presumably one will hear in due course that many of these men who stood by the independence of their country and their former royal house to the last have " committed suicide," as was told of the fearless Major Fey and his family. In the Rossauerlände, prison conditions are appalling in the matter of floor space, feeding, ventilation and sanitation.

The fate of the 200,000 Jews of Vienna is terrible—far worse than that of the Jews of Germany at the worst period. By now the world knows how Jews are daily held to humiliating forced labour in the streets amidst the jeers of the mob. I could never establish that German troops (who generally show

anything but enthusiasm for the Nazi system) played any active part in this. Little has been written of the horrors of the Seitenstaettengasse, where are situated in one building the synagogue, the headquarters and the charitable organisations of the Jewish religious community. After the arrest of the Jewish leaders, the seizure of the funds and the closing of the relief kitchens, the last hope of the masses of starving Jews, S.S. guards turned the building into an establishment for Jew-baiting. Daily I watched Jews forced to don the ceremonial top hats of the synagogue officials and the sacred *yarmikl* of the rabbis and to sweep the street clean of rubbish thrown out by the S.S. Inside the synagogue building they were forced to perform "physical jerks," knee bending and stretching, with a chair in either hand. Those who failed from weakness to satisfy their tormentors were struck, spat upon and abused in the foulest language. Others were made to scrub floors and clean closet bowls with the sacred prayer bands or *twillim*. I saw their faces, pale and ashen as they came out from this hell of sacrilege, which Jews tell me was as horrible to them as it would be for a Catholic to be forced to desecrate the Host.

Such things explain the daily roll of Jewish suicides, which has risen as high as 130. What proportion are genuine suicides cannot, of course, be established. Free game for the mob, without rights or police protection, despoiled of their property and usually deprived of all chance of earning a livelihood and even of relief from fellow-Jews, their religion outraged, the frontier hermetically sealed against all chance of escape, mass suicide is inevitable. Leaving a friend's house on the day of Hitler's arrival to see the wildly enthusiastic welcome of the Austrian Nazis, I was delayed while two coffins were carried before me down the stairs containing the bodies of a Jewish doctor and his mother who had committed suicide. To-day storm troopers sit in the flat and oblige the non-Jewish maid to watch Jews seized at random in the streets do the housework. In the street outside other Jews, men and women, wash the cars confiscated by the storm troopers. After two days of the Nazi regime I ceased trying to dissuade any Jew who spoke of it to me from suicide.

A LONDON DIARY

"WHAT in the name of all that's extraordinary," people ask me, "is the explanation of the Labour Party's letter warning local parties and members against co-operating with people of other parties in a campaign to turn out the Government?" "Why," they say, "in our division people are really keen for the first time since 1929, worked up and ready to make an Opposition that would win the next election. Don't the Labour leaders want to win? Are they afraid of power? If so, that seems an even greater reason for some sort of joint Opposition which would have more authority and confidence in itself." These people are dismayed and astonished and not to be put off by the reply that the Bournemouth Conference rejected all alliances. They know that resolutions that the Executive wants to forget are quickly forgotten: if they wanted a popular movement behind them they could say nothing and let it develop and regularise the situation at the next Conference, or, if the purists insist, they could call a special conference and thrash the matter out now. No, by way of answer the only thing is to give these outraged enthusiasts a truthful, though discreet, account of what happened at the Executive that issued this precious letter. It was a special Executive which met to consider the action of some of its own members, including Mr. Attlee and Sir Stafford Cripps, who supported the appeal for the non-party demonstration on Spain which is being held next Saturday in the Queen's Hall. After more than two hours' discussion the Executive decided not to censure their leaders, and proceeded to discuss the Popular Front. Transport House was receiving scores of telegrams and letters from all parts of the country demanding to be allowed to work with other parties to turn out the Government; the official attitude was quite simply that this was a serious and menacing movement which must be sat on immediately. When I explain this, my questioners give up. One said that resignation from the party was the only possible attitude. Others say that the fear of Communists is so fanatical that official Labour would rather lose the next election than win with Communist support. Actually the Communist point is unimportant, because it is a joint platform with Liberal, angry Tories and unattached, but locally important people, which is mainly required, and in any case you can't stop Communists working for a Labour victory if they insist. They point out further that the only effect of the Labour Party's attitude is to lose them supporters, for a "popular front" already exists in fact if not in name in many constituencies, and the situation which is occurring in mid-Bucks, where many local Labour people are supporting a popular front committee to fight the coming by-election, is likely to recur elsewhere. The latest development is that Lord Beaverbrook, who believes in the Parliamentary system and wants a stronger Opposition, has begun to agitate for a popular front. Whether his advocacy will help the cause I would not like to say.

* * *

One of the official A.R.P. lecturers was asked the other day whether he really believed in the precautions he was recommending. He said, of course he did not; the point was that "a man with a gas mask on could not scream." The issue could not be better put; the present precautions with their emphasis on gas (which, by the way, is not in any case the serious side of air attack) are mainly a method of keeping people quiet, of getting people used to the idea of aerial war so that they will not panic so much if there is a war and will not kick so much at the regimentation involved in war preparations. The most preposterous claims are made: I received an A.R.P. appeal the other day which said that the gas masks to be provided for the civilian population were "100 per cent. efficient"! If you want to know the facts about gas masks and the story of the A.R.P. propaganda you should read a sober but informing little book (it is the latest number of *Fact*) called *Air Raid Protection: the Facts* (Fact Ltd., 19 Garrick Street, W.C.2, price 1s.). It is worth reading. The more I study this business the more I understand why in one town in the north of England the air wardens, who were early on the job, have, in effect, gone on strike, and why the authorities of Penzance objected to a short factual leaflet on the subject issued by the Peace Pledge Union. There was no answer to this leaflet and no way of suppressing it. But the effort to suppress it was significant.

* * *

Le Populaire of April 7th reprinted a remarkable document, which first appeared in the *San Francisco Chronicle*, from Mr. Frank Sondern, its correspondent in Abyssinia. The document is given as a highly confidential letter sent to Mussolini by the Duke of Aosta, his Viceroy in Addis Abbaba. I might doubt its authenticity but for two things. It is not very different, as far as frankness goes, from the letters which Marshal de Bono sent the Duce during the Abyssinian war and which the Duce permitted him to publish in *Anno XIIII*. Mussolini appears to have that large quality which does not fear outspoken comment from his trusted advisers. Moreover, the information in the letter only puts in terse form facts which came to England from another source which could not be doubted and which were given in considerable detail in an article by Mr. Robert Dell published in this journal a fortnight ago. Here is a translation of the letter:

> The situation is really terrible. Italy's influence extends only within gunshot, and no further. The whole of the 6,000,000 natives are absolutely hostile. Within 80 kilometres of each Italian garrison the Ethiopian Rases rule just as they did before the war. . . . We lack everything; the natives refuse to sell anything to the Italians, having no longer any confidence in the paper money we offer them. The only money in which they have any confidence is the Maria Theresa thaler. The result is that the natives refuse to come to the markets frequented by the Italians; it would cost too much and be too dangerous to send bodies of police against them. Italian

financiers (adds the Viceroy), in spite of the pressure of the Duce, have so far only invested 150,000,000 francs in Ethiopia, a sum which is altogether insufficient. Much more is necessary; it must be found at once. In view of this situation many Blackshirts, who had meant to settle down as colonists in the country, have decided to return to Italy, where they spread most angry stories among their parents and friends. . . . If a European war (the Viceroy concludes) broke out, we should be chased from the country in a few weeks.

Mussolini's reasons for wanting an agreement become increasingly obvious. Anyone who had failed as badly as he has in a war would like a public testimonial to his victory and appreciate the compliment of getting general recognition of a conquest which has so far eluded him. The Conservative press plays up beautifully. No longer do we find references to Mussolini's difficulties in Abyssinia: no longer, now that agreement is reached, do we read about his economic weakness and increasing difficulties. The story of Mussolini's success since Mr. Eden's departure makes interesting reading. It is well set out in a summary called *Abyssinia Unconquered*, published by the Union of Democratic Control at the price of 3*d*. This pamphlet traces, by quotations from the *Times* and other papers, the increasing pressure exerted by Italy to get recognition. One interesting fact I can add. A friend who has been living in Italy tells me that he was commonly told, for months before Mr. Eden resigned, that the Duce disliked Mr. Eden as the advocate of sanctions and the champion of the League, and that therefore Mr. Eden would certainly lose his job. Mussolini would turn him out . . . My friend naturally scoffed at such a suggestion of Italian dictatorship extending to Britain, and was amazed and humiliated when Mr. Eden actually was turned out and he had to put up with the hoots of gleeful triumph in the Italian press.

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One of the oddest situations in the Empire is to be found in Quebec, where a large part of the French-Canadian population is pro-Franco, pro-Fascist and comically "anti-Communist." This population has become more Catholic than French and more Fascist than Catholic. A friend who lives in Quebec tells me that one may see people openly wearing the Swastika in the streets, and that Adrien Arcand, the editor of *L'Illustration Nationale* and a supporter of Mr. Duplessis, Premier of Quebec, answered a summons to court the other day attended by a bodyguard of twenty men in blue shirts. The "padlock law" is unique in British history. Anyone suspected of "Communism" (Communism is undefined and so is the person who suspects) may have their premises (house or office) raided, searched and padlocked. The *Montreal Star* replied to American criticism of this law by saying that it was only a "Latin way" of doing what Anglo-Saxons would do in other ways. Already there have been about fifty such raids; in the case of the raid on a Communist leader, the MS. of a historical book he was writing was taken away with his other papers. The door of the Modern Book Shop which sold communist as well as other literature is shut with a big padlock, but orders are still executed on the phone. There is also a censorship on all books on the "Index" in Montreal: you cannot buy Anatole France, or, more surprising, see the film *Emile Zola* because Zola's books are on the Index. Best of all, a book called *The Land of the Free* was confiscated because the police assumed that it must refer to the U.S.S.R.! Actually, of course, it is about the United States.

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Walking in the City the other day my friend William noticed that a very smart new car, driven by a very smart young man, had pulled up by the kerb and that it was laden with a cargo of leaflets. Curious, he peeped in and saw that each leaflet was headed "The First Line of Defence." Now William is an ardent anti-militarist, and his snooping instincts were aroused. Propaganda about the Territorials? More A.R.P. deceptions? The smart young man left the car and William could look into the matter more closely. Cautiously he approached; no policeman was in sight to suspect him of loitering with intent. He put his head through the window. The leaflets were advertisements of a new health food: we should all keep fit and no doubt save a lot of trouble and time taken in doing exercises and skipping on the bathroom floor if we were all vegetarians and ate just that particular kind of breakfast food. . . . Propaganda must follow the fashion.

* * *

Amongst the things that would have been better put differently I recommend Lady Astor's recent remark that the Italian population had persistently declined "in spite of the vigorous efforts of Mussolini and the Pope."

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Lawrence Haward.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Extracts should not be sent without their context. The article or passage should be sent in full with the proposed excerpt marked.

Missing Library Books. The Committee have viewed with increasing concern the inconvenience and expense caused to the Club by the abstraction of volumes provided under the subscription to the Circulating Library.

The disappearing books are mainly works of fiction which are preoccupied with capital offences.—Annual report of the Athenaeum Club.

The Rev. Ralph Allport, a Weymouth Methodist minister, on Saturday condemned tortoise racing, which is gaining popularity in South Dorset. The contests take place on billiard tables, the tortoises carrying toy jockeys. Mr. Allport said that many public houses in Weymouth were exceeding their legitimate function as places of refreshment. They were being turned into fun fairs, and their proprietors, having exhausted the possibilities of darts and mechanical games as a means of retaining custom, were resorting to silly stunts. Dumb animals which had been bought as children's pets were being dragged out of their natural environment. Mr. Cyril Frampton, who introduced tortoise racing, said, "It is all harmless fun, entirely free from cruelty. We do not allow betting."—From *The Times*.

If England's public schools are to go on producing, as is expected of them, the world's leaders, they must be left to their job and for that purpose the more inaccessible they are the better.—Letter in *Daily Telegraph*.

Why is it necessary to publish photographs of conductors in their shirt-sleeves? It does not add to the tone of the paper and I hope we shall in future see men properly clothed and as we are accustomed to see them on the conductor's rostrum.—Letter in *Radio Times*.

Personally, I do not think that there is any likelihood of war being imminent, or otherwise, in this blessed England of ours.—*Moderna*.

I observed that recently a distinguished English officer writing on Spanish affairs stated that he "did not know whether General Franco was a great General or not." Speaking personally from knowledge of the country over which he has been fighting, I should not hesitate to rank General Franco as the greatest strategist Europe has seen since the days of Napoleon.—*Patriot*.

Active Englishman (50), with correct outlook, seeks work.—Advt. in the *Times*.

For years now in England servants have been growing scarcer. Should war break out the flight to the factories would make us almost destitute of domestic help of any kind. And, yet, nothing is done about it—except the grumbling.—Letter in *Herts and Essex Observer*.

My suggestion is that the News on Sunday at 8.50 be strictly curtailed to include only important items and deleting references to the Spanish and Japanese conflicts, and such items which are disturbing to the desirable peace of the Day of Rest.—Letter in *Radio Times*.

THE AMERICAN WAY

FOR two years past a specially appointed Civil Liberties Committee of the Senate has been investigating the persistent attempts of American employers to deny the right of labour to bargain collectively, a right which has been repeatedly affirmed in recent Acts of Congress. Under the chairmanship of Senator La Follette of Wisconsin the Committee has collected a mass of evidence, some of it highly sensational even by American standards in these matters. This evidence, filling fourteen volumes, affords a startling picture of what to avoid in industrial relations. The practices brought to light do much to explain the peculiar violence and bitterness of American labour disputes. Broadly the enquiry, which is still in progress, covers four inter-related phenomena, all of which sound strange to English ears—espionage, organised strike-breaking, munitioning, and violence against labour leaders.

It is not necessary here to say much about the first of these, for that part of the evidence which relates to espionage has been written up by Leo Huberman in a very readable volume called *The Labour Spy Racket*, now available to English readers. The " service " sold by half a dozen large, and many smaller, detective agencies to practically every industrial concern of any importance throughout the United States had for its sole aim the prevention of unionisation. Commonly camouflaged as " human engineering " or the " harmonising of labour relations," its goal was aptly described as " a spy in every union lodge." Information obtained in this way made it easy to sack union members, or, where the spy became union secretary (as often happened), to direct the policy of the union in the employer's interest. The detective agencies were not above spying on Government officials, and even on each other.

The path from " legitimate " detective work to industrial espionage, and from espionage to strike-breaking and munitioning, has been an easy and profitable one in America's history. Pearl L. Bergoff, a field-marshal in the great army of strike-breakers, began life as a detective. Pinkerton's National Detective Agency, now the most famous of the spy organisations, was founded in Chicago in 1854 by Allan Pinkerton, a former Chartist who had emigrated to the United States. There can be no doubt that the heart of this early member of the Pinkerton family was in the right place, for in its beginning his agency was a link in John Brown's " underground railway " for escaped slaves. In the hands of his sons, William and Robert, however, the firm found a profitable field in collecting and selling information about the early trade unions to the growing business interests of the 'eighties and 'nineties, and eventually in providing them with strike-breakers. It was largely as a result of the importation of Chinese coolies for strike-breaking purposes that the Chinese Exclusion Act was passed in 1882, but European immigration remained for long a fruitful source of recruits. Organisations whose sole purpose it is to hire out professional strike-breakers to anybody who wants them still exist—or at any rate, still existed in 1936. But with the virtual end of immigration, and the passage of the Byrnes Act which prohibits the shipment of strike-breakers from one State to another, the business is not what it was.

In order to appreciate to the full the fine military flavour which pervades " labour trouble " in this country, one must turn to the evidence on munitioning. Here are described in detail the weapons which fill the factory arsenals—" long-range guns," " shells," " hand-grenades." All, of course, quite harmless, as carefully explained to the Committee, in the sense that none of them contain high explosive. Machine-guns may be used in emergency, and strike-breakers used frequently to be armed with rifles. But most firms are proud of the fact that in all ordinary circumstances they can control their workers without the use of lethal weapons. True, the " shells " explode, but this is only in order that they may release the necessary nauseating gases, which, except in excessive concentration, do not inflict permanent injury. The instructions accompanying the " hand-grenades " recommend, for example, that they should be thrown in front of a crowd, not into its midst. After shrapnel from exploding gas-shells had caused loss of life humanitarianism even dictated experiments with containers made of cardboard. Technical progress was also reported along other lines. In the old days exploding shells emitted smoke which warned the crowd: modern shells are smokeless, and the gas itself is, of course, invisible. The three chief firms which specialise in industrial munitioning supply police departments as well as individual employers, but it developed that munitions sold to the police are often paid for by private firms in the vicinity. Each of the munition firms proclaimed proudly that of course they never sold to trade unions or other subversive bodies, for that would have infringed their patriotic principle of supporting only " law and order." The story about the munitions salesman in a distant territory who on the outbreak of a strike wired home: " Rest assured both sides using our weapons exclusively," is therefore probably apocryphal.

Last year a union secretary was murdered in cold blood at his home near New York in circumstances which have never been cleared up. The chief contractor for a new subway project in the city, who employed members of the union concerned, was arrested in connection with the crime, but was later released for lack of evidence. In general, however, in the northern States union officials no longer go in fear of their lives, although they know they must submit to shadowing and other unpleasant attentions. In the north the principle of unionisation is publicly recognised—except, of course, by Ford—if still privately resisted. In the south, on the other hand, where unionisation has always been backward, union organisers are still denounced as " outside agitators," " reds," and " communists." In the mining districts of Tennessee and Kentucky especially there is a long tradition of strike-breaking and the " open shop " (open, of course, only to non-unionists) which dies hard. Harlan County in the latter State has come to be known as a place where no union organiser may safely show his head, under pain of being " ridden out of town " or worse.

Essentially this is the tradition of the Ku Klux Klan, ancient bulwark in the defence of Protestant, white America against the inroads of the Jew, the Catholic and the Negro. The scene has shifted. The consequences of racial and religious intolerance in Europe have diminished its popularity in America. Modern " vigilantes " crusade for the " right to work without paying dues to a union " (supposedly a great American principle), and the " communist agitator " makes a better target than the Negro or Jew of yore. For example, in 1935 Bergoff, strike-breaker, organised the " Citizens' Law and Order Association " in Summit County, Ohio, for the benefit of the rubber companies of Akron. Members were enrolled on an undertaking to promote the " enforcement of law and order and the upholding of the constitutional rights and liberties " of the citizens. Homes were canvassed and speeches made attacking " organised minorities," such as unions which " force their members to go out on strike." The rubber companies put up fifty thousand dollars, and in this way obtained some hundreds of unofficial special constables.

Last year the formation of a " Military Patriotic Guard " of ex-servicemen was announced " to stamp out the hordes of gangsters and labour racketeers " and " to take emergency control of industry in case general strikes are called." A year ago in Seattle a " Citizens' Vigilante Committee " was formed during the dock strike. Instructions to its members read:

> If forced to fight, don't forget that nothing so swiftly sickens a mob of its course as brutal, stomach-wrenching, soul-sickening brutality, swiftly, fearlessly and judiciously applied. . . . Mount your machine guns low, in ground floor windows or entrance ways, behind cover, but so they can cover a wide area.

This quotation, not from east of the Rhine but from west

of the Mississippi, is doubtless exceptional, but it illustrates what union organisers are up against in America, or at any rate, in parts of it. The now famous Section 7 (*a*) of the National Industrial Recovery Act (1933) gave labour the right to bargain collectively. Business replied by hurriedly organising "company unions" under its own control, lest independent unions should get there first. The National Labour Relations Act (1935) made it much more difficult for an employer to satisfy the law with a company union. Business replied by making even greater use of the detective agencies, and succeeded sometimes in bringing independent unions under its control. In 1937 the revelations of the La Follette Committee produced widespread statements that spies would no longer be employed, and several of the agencies went out of business. It is not surprising in view of this history that the Committee, in its latest interim report on the situation, should remain sceptical, and should announce the early publication of legislative proposals. Americans have a passion for passing laws. The problem is to administer them. It will require a long course of political education in America before "labour trouble" ceases to be an excuse for behaviour which would be tolerated in no other connection.

New York. HAROLD BARGER

NORTH-EASTER

I HAD a letter from a friend during the holidays saying that another friend of mine had gone to Portrush for Easter. "It must be heavenly," said my correspondent, "with this glorious sunshine and a north-east wind blowing." I, too, felt that it must be heavenly—in Portrush. I had gone down into the country to my friend Norman's cottage, but, though the sun was shining gloriously enough, this did not seem to be a suitable place for a north-east wind at all. I have myself a passion for the north-east wind blowing from the sea. How it quickens the blood, and, in quickening it, warms it! How the lungs drink it in, and the limbs respond to its invitation to activity! The rest of the world may be parched by it, but the north-east wind cannot parch the sea, and seems merely to refresh it and to make it enchantingly blue. In the neighbourhood of Norman's cottage, on the other hand, the north-east wind blew maleficently. It slowed down the blood and so chilled it. It constricted the muscles of the limbs and made one long, not to walk, but to retire to bed for a week. It parched the ground, making the newly mown lawn more earth-coloured than green, like an overworked Association football ground at the end of the season. A resident in the district told me that during cold weather she never allowed her children to walk on the common on the edge of which Norman's cottage stands. "In weather like this," she said—for she has travelled widely—"it always reminds me of the Russian steppes."

It was certainly very trying to be in a garden on a sunny day with six deck-chairs in the tool-shed and yet not to be able to sit down in a deck-chair and enjoy oneself. The old pear-tree on the lawn, looking as though it were weighed down with its exceptionally large and lovely blossoms, suggested that spring, the beginning of the season of active indolence, had arrived. Banks of periwinkle at each side of the cottage door were of as enchanting a blue as the sea at Portrush. The lesser celandines, which had shone in March as they opened themselves every morning to receive the light of the sun—had shone so brightly that for the first time in my life I understood Wordsworth's enthusiasm for the flower—were not yet over. Lady's-smocks stood in multitudes under the hedges. The flowers, indeed, did not seem to notice what a parched world they had emerged into. They had blossomed this year in an anniversary abundance. I said to a neighbour that I had never seen such quantities of violets as I had seen this April. "You know why that is?" he asked, and he explained that in an ordinary year the grass grows so long that most of the violets are hidden, whereas this year the grass has been so stunted with the drought that the violets are unusually visible. It may be so, but I cannot help thinking that this has been a good year for flowers. Let us not withhold praise where it is due. If I cared for nothing but flowers, I should probably have enjoyed my Easter holiday.

Flowers, however, are for me not enough. I prefer comfort, and I prefer birds. And I suspect the birds—at least, the migrant birds—share my preference for comfort. Lying in bed on a sunny morning, even with a north-east wind blowing, one hears such torrents of song that one might easily persuade oneself that birds are indifferent to the cold. The pre-breakfast skylark seems even to exult in a world blown frigid. The thrush in the yew begins the day with a song of unaffected rejoicing. The wren applauds creation at the full stretch of his lungs. The chaffinch sings as if on a holiday. Even the green linnet, no optimist in song, sings without a trace of resentment in his cold ash-tree. Lying in bed, indeed, one cannot help feeling that something good has happened—that the wind has changed or that rain is coming. Spring, audible from one's bed, is the perfect season.

Rise from bed, however, and go out of doors, and you court disillusion. The world is undoubtedly beautiful to look at, but you cannot look at it in comfort. The meadows that you cross are as hard as brick, as you make for the shelter of a copse where, at least, it is reasonable to expect, you will hear the first chiffchaff. There is no chiffchaff. It is strange how empty the world feels in mid-April if one does not hear those monotonous and not remarkably interesting notes. It is as if one had not found the key that opens the gate into the new earth. It is a song that has mainly a symbolic value—a song, as it were, announcing a New Year's Day—and, till one has heard it, the New Year has not really begun. In the north-east wind, that had brought a haze of cloud over the sky, the chiffchaff preserved a wintry silence. The violets were all very well, but they glowed dully for lack of the appropriate music. The cuckoo, too, was silent amid those Russian steppes. A few people had heard him, and no doubt he was in the neighbourhood, but he seemed to have hidden himself in the oak woods, a bitter and resentful Anglophobe, a hater of the grey wind. A much lovelier bird was singing—the loveliest of all singing-birds, the willow-wren—but, without the cuckoo, his song sounded a little out of order. There is this to be said for the song of the cuckoo, that it warms the air and creates the illusion of vanished winter. It is the necessary prelude to a season in which one can lie supine in the open air. And, since it did not appear, I felt that my holiday was half-wasted.

There was some compensation, I admit, in the discovery of the nest of a long-tailed tit in a blackthorn. It was not I who discovered it, but the discoverer led me to it, and I defy even the most ardent bird-hater to show no interest in presence of that miraculously camouflaged nest. How deceptive is the little egg-shaped house with its lichen covering, looking like a part of the natural growth of a tree! Impossible to tell how a bird with a long tail fits into so tiny a space and rears a brood—see bird-book—of eight to twelve young. I looked up a bird-book after I had seen the nest, and read that the nest is lined with feathers—feathers sometimes of farmyard fowls—and that as many as two thousand of these feathers have been counted in a single nest. Thus the nest of the long-tailed tit appeals not only to the child and the aesthete in us, but to the statistician. It is said that the sitting bird, after entering the little hole at the top of the nest, raises her tail over her back and so closes the entrance. Those who were with me, however, when we approached the nest declared that they had seen the bird's eye peering out of the hole, and she certainly flew out at our approach. Had I but heard the chiffchaff and the cuckoo, how perfect the world would have seemed—a world suddenly made wonderful by the discovery of a nest built without originality and as the nests of long-tailed tits have been built since the beginning of time! Such things are really much prettier than the song of the chiffchaff and the song of the cuckoo. Why, then, grumble? Because, I

suppose, I hated the north-east wind and wished Nature to live in unoriginal obedience to the calendar.

Returning across the parched meadows, we fell in with Norman's neighbour, who said that owing to the drought his water-supply had failed. Norman has both a draw-well and a pump and offered to put them at his disposal. His neighbour recalled the old days when there were no pumps and when the draw-well was the only source of water-supply. "I remember," he said, "when Major Green took your cottage, he was greatly worried because when he drew up a bucketful of water there used to be frogs and dead mice floating in it. Of course, when you use a pump, the water comes from the bottom of the well; but when you use a bucket you get water from the surface with frogs and mice in it. 'Well,' I said to him, 'we've been drinking that water with the frogs and mice in it for thirty years, and our health hasn't suffered. It's only the idea of the thing you don't like?' 'No,' he said, 'I certainly don't like the idea of drinking water with a dead mouse in it.' 'Well,' I said, 'don't let that prey on your mind. Do you know that, when they used to make cider in this part of the country, the old folks used always to put a dead rat in it to hearten it?' 'To hearten it?' said he. 'Yes,' I said, 'some put beef into it, and some put a dead rat. They thought it made it taste better.' And, after all, it's only a matter of sentiment. I have never eaten rat, but some people say it tastes just like rabbit." "Now," said Norman, "I understand the flavour of some of the cider I have drunk in public-houses in Gloucestershire. I will certainly never drink cider again, except out of a bottle." "That," said the neighbour, "is what the Major said. He went a bit green, for I think he had a kind of weakness for cider. 'After that,' he said, 'I don't so much mind the dead mice in the water, but I draw the line at drinking a dead rat.'"

As Norman and I climbed over the stile into his garden, both of us were shuddering slightly. I, I think, was feeling the north-east wind. He, I am sure, was thinking of the queer taste of the cider he had drunk in Gloucestershire.

Y. Y.

ELEGY

(*After Oliver Goldsmith*)

Great Britain makes a difficult sacrifice of principle by promising to bring the question of the recognition of the sovereignty of Ethiopia before the League of Nations.

Times, April 18th.

Good people all of every kind,
Unto my song give ear,
Of how the nations late combined
To make aggressors fear,

Of eight-and-fifty sheep-dogs, bound
No more to bark or bite,
And tainted wethers to impound
With full collective might.

A wolf in sheepskin was disclosed,
A lurking beast of prey.
The League his brigandage opposed—
A *mouton enragé*—

And more in sorrow than in ire
Put on the sanctions screw
To make the peacebreaker retire,
As they were sworn to do.

The killer ravaged, undismayed
By their coercive thrust—
The justice of his force outweighed
The forces of the just.

Their logic was confounded quite
As fact with theory vied.
The wolf recovered from the bite;
The League it was that died.

SAGITTARIUS

Correspondence

THE MOSCOW TRIALS

SIR,—I am rather puzzled by Critic's paragraph about *The Letter of An Old Bolshevik*. In particular, I am puzzled by the apparent implication that this document reinforces the view that the recent trials were a "frame-up," and were aimed by a bureaucracy suspicious of criticism and of democracy against the very opposition elements that Kirov and Gorki were inclined to defend. (I agree that Critic does not actually state this; but in the context this is the apparent implication of the cryptic sentence with which he leaves us: "from this beginning the rest is a logical sequence.")

I have not yet had an opportunity to read the document in question, and have no opinion as to whether it is genuine or a forgery, and if genuine whether its facts are correct. If it is a forgery, then, of course, there is nothing to argue about. But assuming that there is something in it (as Critic apparently does) two things strike me about Critic's summary of it which his comments ignore.

First, if true, it corroborates one of the charges in the recent trials that many have found difficulty in believing and provides some circumstantial evidence in support of another. I refer to the charge that members of the opposition were indirectly responsible for Kirov's murder and the charge against Yagoda in connection with Gorki. If Kirov was "killed with the connivance of the G.P.U.," and if Gorki was coupled with Kirov in sponsoring similar policies, then a motive is, surely, provided for the murder of Gorki?

Secondly, if this document has any presumption to contribute, is this not the precise opposite of what Critic implies? In popular judgment on such matters presumption is nine-tenths of the verdict. Whether genuine or fake, *The Letter of An Old Bolshevik*, of course, proves nothing about the trials; but in creating presumptions that influence acceptance and rejection of evidence it may count a great deal. Now, Kirov was frequently referred to as Stalin's "right-hand man"; Gorki was well known as a close counsellor of Stalin. If their policy was one of "democratising" and "normalising" and fighting against bureaucracy, then it was presumably the elements opposed to such tendencies that plotted alike to get rid of Kirov and to get rid of Stalin. It would then seem reasonable to suppose that, if an effort at conciliation (by no means the first that Stalin had attempted) was included in this policy, this effort was abandoned and reversed only when the Kirov murder (faultily timed, perhaps) led to investigations that unravelled the full dimensions of the plot and the extent to which the opposition had travelled along the road of intrigue and conspiracy. "The rest is a logical sequence." But why conclude that it was Zinoviev, Piatakov, Radek, Yagoda, etc., who were victims of an anti-democratic bureaucracy, when the story that Critic recites implies quite the contrary tale? M. H. D.

[Critic writes: By "the rest is a logical sequence" I meant that once Stalin had decided that the Oppositionists were irreconcilable their destruction necessarily followed. As to the truth of the accusations against the numerous accused, some secretly executed and some publicly tried, but all secretly examined, I can only repeat that if all the accusations are correct it means that almost all the men we used to be asked to admire as builders of the U.S.S.R. were in fact murderers, poisoners and self-seeking traitors. I should not have thought that any Communist would willingly accept this view. I believe it to be more probable that, as in many similar cases in history, the lack of free discussion inside the Communist party in recent years has driven many sincere Communists who feared the results of Stalin's policy into an increasingly oppositionist frame of mind and that the G.P.U., like other secret police, has very efficiently made use of indiscretions and secret discussions to build up a case which incriminates many who were merely disgruntled with a few who were probably actively plotting. It should be recalled that Stalin himself had to intervene to stop the orgy of "informing." Does M. H. D. think that justice and a fair examination are likely to be observed in such an atmosphere? He should remember Titus Oates. I base this view on probabilities and on the evidence that in some cases the confessions included statements which seem clearly to have been untrue. But there can be no finality when the evidence is in the form of confessions made in secret.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE EGYPTIAN LANDSLIDE

SIR,—May I—an Egyptian—add a few words to your comment on the Egyptian situation in your issue of the 9th instant? An Anti-Wafdist Government in 1926 used every possible means to defeat the Wafd in a General Election, but the Wafd had triumphed.

The truth is that the Wafd is now much weaker, and in recent years many of its founders found it impossible to co-operate with Nahas Pasha and Makram Pasha. The defeat of the latter, who, like myself, is a Copt (an Egyptian Christian) caused satisfaction in Coptic circles. The Copts were indeed annoyed when Makram, although acting in the name of a political party, the majority of whom are Mohammedans, challenged the constitutional rights of our beloved Farouk and attacked many Moslem leaders who disagreed with the Nahasites. KYRIAKOS MIKHAIL

79 Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1.

SLOVENIA

SIR,—I read with great interest the article "German Frontier Policy in Schleswig" in your journal. I compared it with an article written by Mr. Risto Jelatchin in the review "Voix européennes" (Paris) under the title "Achats des terrains par des Allemands en Slovénie." The article shows that Nazi Germany, on her drive towards the south east of Europe, uses the same method as she used in Schleswig. She carries on also in Slovenia a struggle well calculated to secure the landed estates in that territory.

The author describes German dealings in Slovenia. Slovenia lies on the highway from Vienna to Trieste, the main port of the Adriatic. It is the only non-German territory which to-day separates Germany from Trieste. It is the national territory of Slovenes, the western branch of the South Slavs. In pre-war times Slovenia formed a part of Austria-Hungary, but after 1918 the main part of it was included in Jugoslavia. In Slovene towns there is still a German minority, the remains of the Austrian landed proprietors, civil servants and middle-class people whose immigration was favoured by the Dual Monarchy. They form 2.5 per cent. of the population. This middle-class German minority is Hitler's best helper in preparing the way towards Trieste and the south east of Europe.

As Mr. Jelatchin points out, the Nazis provide Germans residing in Jugoslavia with money to buy landed estates all along the strategic roads and railways running from Vienna to Trieste through Slovene territory. They generally buy good estates and Slovene agricultural workers are hired under extremely bad conditions. Thus in the town Maribor (which wrongly appears in its German form Marburg on all maps published in the British newspapers during the Austrian crisis), which is situated on the Austrian frontier, Germans are now in possession of 57 per cent. of landed estates. In order to escape the law which regulates the purchasing of land by foreigners, they often make use of a Slovene man of straw. Recently a poor farmer purchased a landed estate on the Austrian frontier to the value of £4,200. Immediately afterwards the real purchaser, a rich German merchant, put a mortgage to the value of the estate on it. MARIA VILFAN

University College, Nottingham.

POWER AND GLORY

SIR,—As one who is fascinated by the art form of Capek's plays, may I suggest that there is a point of view other than that from which Mr. Desmond MacCarthy discusses *Power and Glory*?

Capek is one of those poets who speak to their generation in parables. Even under this disguise, it would seem that he offers ideas that are too original or else too profoundly true to be generally accepted. I judge from the fact that the highly original play, *R.U.R.*, which effected a change in thought and speech, has been produced only once in this country.

From a literal standpoint, the three plays produced in London are entirely fantastic. There never were such beings as the robots in *R.U.R.* *The Insect Play* is not a play about insects, but a satire on our civilisation. *Power and Glory* cannot be judged by the standard of realism. There never was such a pestilence as the White Scourge attacking people over military age with relentless precision. There never was and never could be a slum doctor like Galen. The Professor is much too good to be true except as a symbol. The Dictator, in spite of our delight and joy in him, turns out on sober reflection to be a caricature drawn by sheer genius.

If *Power and Glory* is not realism, what is the secret of its supreme art which commands both our emotion and thought? What is its significance?

To me, for one, to see this play was to go through a spiritual experience. It was as though this phenomenal world melted away to give place to the realm of mental form ruled by creative imagination—the realm of concepts by which this changing world is being evolved.

What happens on the stage to the Dictator and the Doctor is of less consequence than what happens to the mental being of every individual in the audience.

I know that the essence of a parable is that it can mean something different to everybody who hears it. To some it may be nothing but a tale. But we look to the critic to lighten our darkness, to extend our vision and to unfold the mysteries of the kingdom. For we become changed by beholding.

EMMELINE PETHICK-LAWRENCE

AID FOR SPAIN

SIR,—We wish wholeheartedly to associate ourselves with the letter in your last issue from our colleagues on the Committee of Voluntary Industrial Aid for Spain. The Circular issued by the Executive Council of the A.E.U. to all members of the Union asking them to give, through Voluntary Industrial Aid, work to make things for Spain, has, we agree, put new and welcome vigour into the anti-Fascist movement. We join our colleagues in asking manufacturers to investigate the proposals set forth in that letter, and your readers generally to render us that financial support which will enable us, in addition to other activities, to circulate reprints of the A.E.U. statement on the scale it deserves.

In publishing this appeal last week, our address by some mishap was omitted. Your readers will find this remedied below.

H. G. BROTHERTON (Sheet Metal Workers Union)
A. W. COSTER (Electrical Trades Union)
J. DUNNAGE, A.M.Inst.T.
R. H. EDWARDS (National Union of Vehicle Builders)
BERT JOY (Amalgamated Society of Woodworkers)
J. REEVES (Royal Arsenal Co-operative Society)
A. SELL (General Union of Bedding Workers)
J. R. SHANLEY (Amalgamated Union of Upholsterers)
JACK TANNER ((Amalgamated Engineering Union)
D. C. WEBSTER, L.C.C. (National Union of Vehicle Builders)

Voluntary Industrial Aid,
32 Great Ormond Street, London, W.C.1.

"TO BEG I AM ASHAMED"

SIR,—In his excellent article in your issue of April 9th, Mr. Stonier states that "the classics have been left alone" by the operation of the law of obscene libel. This is only true so far as classics of English literature are concerned. If he will refer to my *The Banned Books of England* he will see that translations of Petronius and of the twelfth book of the Greek Anthology were condemned as "obscene" so recently as 1934. The former, a most scholarly work, had been published for seven years and was the only complete translation of the *Satyricon* that has been generally available in England. A similar insult was offered to the work of Zola (1888), Balzac (1910) and Pierre Louys (1934). On the last occasion it was submitted for the Crown that:

> the point to be considered was whether the books were regarded as obscene in this country now. The opinion of books in other countries, or of old books in other ages, was not relevant. That applied to books originally written in Latin and now translated.

and the Magistrate (provoking no doubt some laughter in the Elysian fields) proclaimed that "a classical author might lapse into obscenity."

Fear of this interpretation of the law results in many classical and foreign works being either unobtainable in English or obtainable only at prohibitive prices. The average reader is left with a very false impression of the Greek and Roman mind and of the work of certain distinguished foreign authors.

85 Fitzjohn's Avenue, N.W.3. ALEC CRAIG

NEWS FROM JIBUTI

SIR,—In reply to Sir C. Strachey's letter asking why we get no news from Jibuti about Abyssinia, *The New Times and Ethiopia News* regularly publishes news from Jibuti. Miss Pankhurst (the Editor), 3 Charteris Road, Woodford Green, Essex, can give further information. K. M. ALLHUSEN

Tughall Grange, Chathill, Northumberland.

Miscellany

THE TWO ARTISTS

It was one of those dark London days which almost completely efface every memory of past sunshine. The even greyness overhead seemed like a permanent sheet across the sky—it was difficult to imagine that it would ever break.

Frankie sat in the bus next to Ethel. He was a small boy, with black, sleek, well-brushed hair. His knees poked forth with a shining cleanness from under his drawn up mackintosh. In his right hand he held a small paintbox and an exercise book. He held them tightly, as though afraid that at any moment one of the passengers might jump up, seize them, and leap into the road.

Ethel was a timid young girl of eighteen, whom Frankie's mother had engaged purely to walk about with him, and see that he did not get run over, or stolen. She had soft down on her upper lip, and as she sat by Frankie's side she seemed utterly uninterested in anything the world might have to offer. Her brown eyes just stared.

When, eventually, they descended from the bus, it was Frankie who led the way. He walked a little ahead of Ethel, walking with the unswervable determination of a cat crossing to its hunting ground. He had obviously only one desire in his mind, and he was stalking to accomplish it. The girl followed him with resignation. They crossed the road, and mounted the steps of the Natural History Museum.

Inside the vestibule the light fell dimly, as from the high window of a church, and there was a warm woody smell. Frankie, as he firmly crossed the tiled floor, smelt it with a comforting recognition—the recognition of the same smell he had breathed on countless other afternoons. But when he came into the galleries where stood the glass cases his pace slackened. Ethel came up to his side.

"Well," she said, preremptorily. "Decided what you're going to paint?"

He answered quickly.

"Of course—I'm going to paint the little bird with the red eyes. The one I told you about last time." He looked at her as though she were an idiot. Then he walked away slowly towards the left.

"Aren't you going the wrong way?" said Ethel.

"No—I want to look at the big elephant first."

It was now that Frankie had to go very carefully. He did not want to see the elephant, but if he went straight across to where the chosen bird was encased he would have to pass the skeletons—as it was, he was conscious of them ranged silently down a long passage to his right, and he kept his face turned away in order to make doubly sure he would not see them.

One afternoon he had had a very unpleasant experience with those skeletons. He had wandered down to a long glass case containing some extinct fish bones, when suddenly there had been a sharp crack, rather like the splitting of wood, and turning round he had found not a single person within sight. He had waited, his face red and his wrists throbbing, passing fearful eyes over the noseless carcase of an antelope, and finally staring at the bleak upright skeleton of a man—oh those gaping eye sockets! Then, the awful thing had happened; just as he was beginning to feel reassured, out of the corner of his eye he had actually seen that ghost of a man move! It had seemed to him to swing an arm forward. He had fled in panic, calling for Ethel.

In fact, although Frankie knew the museum well, and had many friendly animals and birds to visit, there were some things of which he had to be very careful. If he walked too far round to the right he had to pass a glass case containing a series of hen's eggs, each one in a different stage of development—horrid things containing sickeningly twisted shapes of wet yellow and glutinous white. The last one of the series contained a small blind chick in it. It shocked him every time he came upon it inadvertently.

And so, he had to steer his course gingerly. But of course, he had his planned routes, routes he had thought out in bed at night. To-day he was following one of them.

The blue-grey elephant to which Frankie walked, stood like a huge rock in the middle of the main gallery. In front of it, in a small glass case, was a field mouse—both animals were roped round with a thick drooping red rope. He stood looking at them just long enough to provide a convincing excuse for his roundabout journey. Then he walked resolutely on.

The chosen bird stood among a number of other birds on a cunningly contrived imitation of a piece of rocky coast. Frankie flattened himself against the plate glass front of this panorama, and gazed at a promontory of blue slate. He longed to touch those slates, to feel the sharp brittle edges of them, to pass his finger tips up the stems of the coarse spiky grass which sprang up between them. He would like to have tapped the little pink balled heads of some alpine primroses which burst out of a cleft between two pieces of rock.

On top of a miniature cliff, a white gull stretched out its wings in preparation for flight; but Frankie did not look at this, or indeed, at any of the other birds, with the exception of one.

This bird, perched on a mossy stone, was not unlike a small pheasant. He stood, and in imagination felt into the soft plumy brown feathers of its small breast. If it were alive it would be warm and comforting, like the feel of his mother's blouse in front. Then the sharp edged feathers of the tail—they shone with the same bluish-black as did the steel spring of his clockwork engine; and he knew he would have to use prussian blue to paint those.

Ethel had sat down on a bench at the back of him, and when he had absorbed as much as he could he went back and sat down beside her. He opened his small japanned tin paintbox, took out a pencil, spread out his exercise book on his knee, and started to draw.

But somehow, things would not go right. He could not quite get the bird's shape. It was either too thin, or too fat; but generally too thin. Not content with rubbing out his sketches he tore out three pages in succession, and threw them on the floor.

"You are untidy!" admonished Ethel, stooping to pick them up. She did not realise that they annoyed him intensely. He did not answer her, but went on drawing, his young forehead puckered like a child trying to do a difficult sum in school, his eyes wide, and unseeing everything but the brown bird. His stare was like that of a person trying to foretell the future by looking into a crystal ball.

At last he succeeded in sketching the bird with sufficient satisfaction to lay down his pencil, and begin to paint. He mixed up his colours rather thoroughly, and worked with absorbed patience. But think as hard as he could, look with all his might, he was unable to get down what he saw. Those little red eyes, for instance, they seemed to glow like the bedded light in his mother's ruby brooch—yet he could not make them glow. He could match the colour of them, but they would not shine; the little light was not there. Once he gave vent to an impatient "Oh!"

"What's the matter?" asked Ethel, in a thin flat voice.

"Nothing," he replied, gruffly. He knew she would say that she thought it very nice, just to pacify him. He managed to control his impatience, and went on working.

At last, after a few more sighs, the colouring was done, and he stood up abruptly. He looked at the picture. It was a disappointment, and he felt frustrated and inclined to sulk.

"Well that's lovely!" said Ethel. "Just like it."

"D'you think so?" he replied. He was a little pleased that she should say so, even though he did not value her opinion. But the sulks soon overcame him again, and shutting up his paintbox he sat gloomily on the seat beside her.

For a little while they sat like a couple of lovers who had had a tiff, not looking at one another. Occasionally Frankie swung a leg under the bench, scraping the marble floor with the tip of his boot. Then, while they were sitting thus, there came the sound of approaching footsteps, leisurely footsteps, and a tall man appeared. The first thing Frankie noticed was that he was wearing brown suede shoes, and secondly that he was carrying a paintbox under his arm—a much larger one than his own, and made of beautifully polished mahogany. He looked up into the man's thin, rather ascetic face, and the man smiled.

"Been painting, son?" asked the man.

"Yes."

He looked a kind-hearted and pleasant fellow, and Frankie readily smiled back at him.

"Let's see what you've done," said the man, and sat down calmly beside him. He nodded to Ethel. Frankie knew that nod. It was always the same when grown up people greeted one another in his presence, and it always had the same sense of easy assurance.

"Which bird was it?" asked the man, taking out his own thin sketching block. The question told him quite well what the man thought of his picture. He pointed out the bird, and the man began to make outlines with his pencil. The likeness grew with astonishing swiftness. The man's pencil stroked the paper elegantly, and yet decidedly, and his pencil swept in curves without hesitation or labour. Frankie watched silently, and when at last the sketch was finished, he was elated with admiration. But he did not show it beyond standing first on one foot, and then on the other, and looking into the man's face. The face smiled continually in complacent satisfaction.

Then the man opened his beautiful mahogany paintbox. Inside were small square porcelain cups of fat paint—luscious blues, bright reds and autumnal yellows. The man began to paint, again with the same soft assurance; and Frankie waited—waited with patience and attention, looking at the bird and then at the developing picture. He was watching for the miracle to happen, but as the painting progressed, somehow it did not seem to be happening at all, and gradually he began to feel disappointed.

"Now we'll do his eyes," said the man, like a conjurer introducing some miraculous trick which nobody in the audience could perform. Frankie came closer.

"The eyes are hard—aren't they?" he said.

"Are they?" replied the man, still smiling calmly.

"Yes—they're sort of, you know—shiny; like as though lights were in them—like tiny rubies." He struggled in an attempt to express what he saw. His face became animated with the strength of his feelings.

"It's a pretty little bird," admitted the man, mixing up a bloody pool of Rose Madder. Again Frankie felt something bubbling up inside him.

"You'll have to make its chest fluffy, won't you—soft and warm—pillowy."

The man went on painting, but now he did not seem quite so pleased with everything. Frankie did not notice it. He began to walk round the man's knees in excitement.

"Make its tail right—make it shoot right up. Right up!" he shouted, and swung up his arm, as though he were launching a kite. The man frowned.

"Stand still, son. I can't paint if you dance about like that."

So Frankie stood motionless, looking at the picture; watching for the lights to come in the eyes, the warm pillow he expected to come over its breast, and the tail which he wanted to shoot up. But no red lights shone, nor indeed did any of the other lovely things appear. He felt disappointed.

"There!" said the man, when he had finished his display. He propped the picture up against the back of the seat.

"Oh isn't that lovely!" exclaimed Ethel. "There, see how a real artist does it." She paused, and added very decidedly. "Now I hope you've learnt something."

The man began once more to smile, and to pack up his paraphernalia. Frankie watched him, standing with the fingers of his hands linked behind him, looking very flat and miserable.

"Don't you like it, son?" said the man.

"Oh, yes," answered Frankie: for he was a very polite boy to strangers, and he did not like to hurt people's feelings.

The man, having now gathered everything together, slung his tackle under his left arm, saluted, and walked away.

When he had walked out of earshot, Ethel turned.

"Come," she said. "You look miserable." And then, thinking that he was feeling depressed at not being able to paint the bird as well as the professional painter, attempted to comfort him.

"Never mind—you'll be able to paint just like that one day."

And still Frankie said nothing; for with the deep and inexplicable self-knowledge that children have, he knew with irrefutable certainty that one day he would be able to paint very much better than that.

A. W. HOLMES

THE COMING SEASON

A TERRIFIC burst of musical activity will presently be upon us and engulf all London's music-lovers. First of all, the Covent Garden opera season opens on Monday, May 2nd, and will last until June 17th. The season promises to be more interesting than for some years past, and on the first night Sir Thomas Beecham is conducting Mozart's *Die Zauberflöte* with a splendid cast, including Richard Tauber, Tiana Lemnitz, Erna Berger and Irma Beilke. Judging from Sir Thomas' superb performance with the London Philharmonic Orchestra of Mozart's A major symphony (K.201) and the *Zauberflöte* overture at the Cambridge Theatre concert on April 10th, we may at last be going to hear at Covent Garden a production of *Die Zauberflöte* worthy of Mozart. It is all very well for Sir Thomas Beecham to say in his fervent and witty speech at that concert that "Mozart needs no Busch," but I shall not be surprised if the great merits of Herr Fritz Busch's performances of Mozart's operas at Glyndebourne during the past four years do not prove to have stimulated Sir Thomas to extraordinary efforts. They were needed. If Sir Thomas at last succeeds in giving us Mozart performances at Covent Garden worthy of the name it will be another proof of the benefit to be obtained in this country from the artistic stimulation to our musicians provided by the example of the best talent from abroad. I hope the day will come when Sir Thomas Beecham will say, justly and generously: "Mozart in England had need of Busch," confident in his own ability to surpass the standard achieved by his eminent German colleague.

Following *Die Zauberflöte* will be *Der Fliegende Holländer* conducted by Erich Kleiber, in which a new singer, a discovery of Sir Thomas's, Margarete Kubatzki, will make her first appearance with a cast including Mary Jarred, Torsten Ralf, Ben Williams, Herbert Janssen and Ludwig Weber. Erich Kleiber will also conduct Strauss' *Der Rosenkavalier*, in which Lotte Lehmann, Tiana Lemnitz and Erna Berger will appear. Something of a novelty will be a revival of Strauss' *Elektra*, with Rosa Pauly, Hilde Konetzni and Kerstin Thorborg in the cast, conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham, who may be relied upon to get the last drop of vitality out of this score. I await the revival of *Elektra* with considerable curiosity. I used to think it superior to *Salome*, but the revival of *Salome* last year gave me such a shock that I now find it hard to believe there can be much merit in *Elektra*. I shall be glad to be agreeably surprised; but *Salome* is certainly a tawdry, mechanical, unconvincing piece of vulgar virtuosity. Then we are to have two cycles of Wagner's *Ring* conducted by Wilhelm Furtwängler, and Furtwängler's conducting aided by a splendid cast, including Anny Konetzni, Lotte Lehmann, Rudolf Bockelmann, Lauritz Melchior, Kerstin Thorborg, will certainly be such as to satisfy the most fervent Wagnerian.

Among the other operas promised at Covent Garden are Mozart's *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* and Beethoven's *Fidelio*. There are also to be several Italian operas, namely, Verdi's *Rigoletto* and Puccini's *Tosca* and *La Bohème*. That ancient popular pair, *Cavalleria Rusticana* and *Pagliacci*, are also promised. The Italian operas do not make much of a show, but we are to have a new Italian conductor, Vittorio Gui, and if the quality of the performances is really good nobody will have cause to quarrel about the selection in view of the rest of the season's programme.

The series of Toscanini concerts arranged by the B.B.C. begin in May. The programmes are a rather queer selection, but include two special performances of Verdi's *Te Deum* and *Requiem*. The Verdi *Requiem* is a work to which Toscanini is temperamentally fitted almost ideally, and as he has been allowed to select his own cast of soloists this performance ought to be one to remember for many years. In the other programmes I am glad to see Beethoven's "Pastoral" and C minor symphonies and my favourite Brahms symphony, the second. Most of the other items look an exceedingly odd lot, but everything of any merit is worth hearing played under Toscanini. This season ought to attract many visitors to London as there will now be no chance ot hearing Toscanini at Salzburg as in former years.

The loss of Salzburg will give a special interest to the Glyndebourne opera festival this year, which will open on May 21st with Verdi's *Macbeth*. Fritz Busch will conduct and Carl Ebert produce as in former years, and the Mozart operas will be *Don Giovanni*, *Le Nozze di Figaro* and *Cosi fan Tutte*. The stage has been enlarged, and the addition of Verdi and Donizetti (*Don Pasquale*) to the Mozart repertory will be an interesting experiment. The best of the artists of former years have been re-engaged, and I am glad to see that Mariano Stabile is returning this season, for his Figaro was one of the finest performances of the part I have ever heard in my life.

On June 17th, after Covent Garden and Glyndebourne have been well launched, the International Society for Contemporary Music will open its festival, which is taking place this year in London. A week's programme has been arranged with concerts at various halls of orchestral and chamber music. In addition there will be a performance of English Folk Dancing at the Cecil Sharp House on Tuesday, June 21st, which is no doubt intended for our foreign visitors to help them survive the strain of listening to so much contemporary music. Another interesting item which will provide a relief that probably will be much needed is a recital of English Church Music by the choirs of Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral and the Chapel Royal. I do not envy the members of the Committee of this International Society their task of selecting the new works that are being performed. The aims of the Society are excellent in so far as they are simply designed to obtain performances of new works by living composers. The performance, like the production of new music, must be a labour of love. There is absolutely no money in it, only certain loss. Musical audiences are extremely conservative, but the reason for this is not that they are by nature more conservative than the theatre or cinema public but merely that their standards are much higher, because they are used to hearing frequent performances of the world's classics. The public in this country is not accustomed to repertory theatres, while repertory cinemas have hardly yet begun to exist. When they do—as they assuredly will in time (say in a quarter of a century !)—then the cinema public will be able to acquire an informed and experienced taste and will be fitted to reject instantly and unhesitatingly much if not all the dross offered to it. The musical public is already in a position to do this and has been now for some time. Consequently new musical works are set a very high standard of comparison and few, very few indeed, manage to survive it. This is quite as it should be, for the modern craze for mass production in art is a mere deception. All that matters is that new works can get performed not once but sufficient times for music-lovers to be convinced there is nothing in them. Then they may be safely allowed to die. There must, however, be means of assisting them to be born and to experience whatever fate their qualities seem to attract. This is what the International Society for Contemporary Music is supposed to be doing by means of its annual festival. Whether its members are capable of fulfilling their responsibilities as capable midwives and commit no crimes such as strangling promising young lives at birth is more than I can say.

W. J. TURNER

THE MOVIES

"Jezebel," at the Carlton.
"Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," at the Plaza.

Jezebel is an example of the rarest sort of movie, that which tries to present a genuine picture of a complex individual character. Almost any sort of authenticity survives more easily on the screen than this: whether it derive from historical accuracy, observation of modern social conditions, or merely from the straightforward exploitation of dynamic and desirable persons. Perhaps a medium which depends on movement and has to keep moving is more naturally suited to the panorama than the portrait. In the close dissection of character there may be something incurably static, depending on silence, intimacy, leisurely tempo. And then a film like *Jezebel* comes along to suggest the possibility of revealing character as effectively as in a good novel or play. Much of the credit is due to Miss Bette Davis, who is a real actress; her impersonation of Miss Julie, a spoiled, wealthy, imperious *belle* in the New Orleans of 1852, is so positive and alive that her first appearance has all the excitement of a stage entry. As the film unrolls her character grows, gradually and inevitably; her cruelty, her pride, her egotism, her genuine love for Preston (Mr. Henry Fonda), her inability to give in to him even when she really wants to, her desperate inner loneliness and emptiness. Though she makes no concessions to sentimentality, anything that happens to this girl is our concern. The script and William Wyler's direction see to it that what does happen is in keeping. His re-creation of the old French town with its periodic scourges of yellow fever, and of the negro plantation, Halcyon Farm, with its soft southern evenings and its singing—all this is excellently done; but it is a sort of excellence which Clarence Brown and other directors have taught us to expect. It is rarer to find the various threads of the drama—North *v.* South, the aristocratic contempt for business, the ethics of the duelling ground—so skilfully handled and so constantly shot with beauty. *Jezebel* is a decorative film; but its most decorative moments reinforce the drama. The ball at which Julie insults New Orleans conventions by appearing in a red, instead of a white, dress is a charming spectacle in itself, and its easy charm heightens the effect of Julie's brazen daring. There is a moment when she flutters impulsively downstairs while the butler's taper, lighting the chandelier, moves gravely across the screen in the opposite direction: a pattern too significant to be unintentional. *Jezebel* is an imperfect film; Mr. Fonda cannot put much life into the hero, and Julie's final gesture of self-sacrifice is as novelettish as such Hollywood atonements are apt to be; but elsewhere one welcomes the attempt to break away from the usual slickness and sentimentality.

Bluebeard's Eighth Wife is directed by Lubitsch and stars Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert: three strong inducements to a visit. It is good Lubitsch: though less continuously witty than *Desire*, much better than *Angel*. Like Mr. Deeds, Michael Brandon is a millionaire with eccentric ideas: to be more exact, with just one idea, though that is eccentric enough. The male pyjama industry, he holds, is a racket; ninety per cent. of men, he explains to an embarrassed Riviera shop-assistant, sleep in the top half only, and are forced to buy the trousers as well. Where he got this pleasant notion from I can't imagine, nor do I greatly care, since it leads to an intensely Lubitschian sequence. The worried assistant hurries to the first floor to consult his department manager; we perceive,

through closed plate-glass doors, Gallic gestures of explanation, bewilderment, indecision, followed by the ascent of both gentlemen to the vice-president on the second floor, and a further display of distracted mime thereon. If it had gone on like this for floor after floor, like a snowball, I should not have objected; but what followed was even better. The vice-president rang up the president; the president was at home in bed; he got up to answer the telephone; his pyjamas had no trousers. The sequel is less brilliant. The daughter of a French marquis saves the situation by buying the trousers for her impoverished papa; the millionaire woos her with an ill-mannered self-confidence reinforced by a financial guarantee. It is not that he is not genuinely in love with her; he is, but he knows no other language than the one which had worked so well with his seven previous wives. Though she marries him, it doesn't work at all with Claudette, and the rest of the film is an inverted *Taming of the Shrew*, rather too protracted (like the original), and culminating in the strait-jacketed male's submission to the female's dominating embrace: a scene of considerable interest to the amateur of erotic psychology. Despite excellent playing by both principals, we are conscious of flagging invention towards the end and look for our amusement principally to the minor distractions. Of these the best is a prize-fighter (Warren Hymer), hired by Mrs. Brandon to beat up her refractory husband, who expatiates with the enthusiasm of an opium-addict on the pleasures of the knock-out: one dreams, it appears, of Japan, pink cherry blossom, Constantinople . . . "I tell you, Mrs. Brandon, you get to see places you could otherwise never afford to visit." It sounds rather like going to the movies. PETER GALWAY.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Contemporary Sculpture at Guggenheim Jeune

The sculpture which the Director of the Tate Gallery would have liked to keep out of England is now on show at 30 Cork Street. It is mostly the work of well known artists with whom we are already familiar: Brancusi is a man of over sixty, Duchamp-Villon would be of the same age if he had not been a victim of the war, Laurens and Arp are both over fifty. Abstract sculpture is apt to be more monotonous than abstract painting, and it is noticeable that in his latest works Mr. Henry Moore has sought to introduce a greater variety of texture by using taut strings in combination with wood. Pevsner's works in bronze and ebonite deviate into vulgarity, Brancusi has great vitality, Duchamp-Villon belongs to the Fauve period, Calder is gay, Arp is decorative, Laurens is the least abstract, the most attractive. It is difficult not to feel that these experiments in non-representational sculpture which have been going on for so long, are usually rather arid and disappointing. Probably the proper function of such work is to decorate a building rather than to stand in a room upon a pedestal.

Desmond Harmsworth at Wildenstein's

This exhibition reveals a young painter of remarkable dexterity. He has obviously worked chiefly in France and looks at the world with the eyes of a Parisian. Sometimes he is too easily charming, and he has spoilt the effect of some of his best pictures by colouring the frames so that the result looks like a *chic* ornament rather than a painting. But every picture has been painted with obvious pleasure, which the artist succeeds in communicating to the spectator. And if you are a charmer, surely it is better not to disguise yourself as Savonarola or John Knox? Mr. Harmsworth has delicacy of colour (look at his egg-shells and his bathers) and fluency of line: his pictures, in fact, are as pretty as paint. In the same gallery is a collection of French eighteenth-century portraits of women, including two excellent Prud'hons, and a delightful painting by Danloux.

Susan Palmer, at the Palser Gallery, 27 King St., S.W.1

This is Miss Palmer's first "one-man" show. Miss Palmer's art combines many of the qualities most admired in painting. It is lively, fresh, innocent and decidedly painterly. Miss Palmer achieves unusual compositions without effort and lovely colour without any apparent straining after it. The pictures in this show are divided into groups according to their subject matter. Of these the set representing the audience, stage and performers at the Metropolitan Music Hall, Edgware Road, are perhaps the least successful. Miss Palmer's freedom tends to become nebulousness, especially in the dark, and a little of Sickert's linear rigidity might make for more satisfactory pictures and a more complete evocation of the splendours of the building itself. The series of pictures of Roman motives is the most consistently successful. The two views of St. Peters from the Tiber are lovely, as are also the two interiors of Sta Maria Del' Orto. But this may be merely a preference. Everything Miss Palmer undertakes she carries through with *élan*. One could wish that more of our young artists had some of her gusto for free unhesitating painting.

THE COMING WEEK

SUNDAY, April 24th—
- W. B. Curry on "Punishment," Conway Hall, 11.
- J. T. Murphy on "Trends in the Chinese Revolution," 153 Finchley Road, 6.15.
- Meeting to celebrate China's victories. Speakers include Vernon Bartlett, Miss Koo Chu-Chen, A. V. Alexander, P. J. Noel-Baker. Queen's Hall, 3. Adm. free. Seats 6*d*. and 1*s*.
- Stephen Spender on "Realism," Group Theatre Rooms, 9 Gt. Newport Street, 8.30. 2*s*. non-members.

MONDAY, April 25th—
- Mark Edward Perugini on "The Ballet," first of series of 9 lectures, Mary Ward Settlement, 7.30.
- Meeting in aid of Austrian Refugees. Chairman: Rev. Paul Levertoff. Chief Speaker: Bishop of Chelmsford. Friends House. 8.
- China Week at Unity Theatre. Till 30th. Special performances, 8.30. Tickets to members 1*s*. to 3*s*. 6*d*.

TUESDAY, April 26th—
- Seventh Annual Concert in aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital. Artistes include Miss Lily Pons and Mr. John Brownlee. Queen's Hall, 8.30. Tickets 6*s*. to 3*gns*.
- "Countess Maritsa," Palace.

WEDNESDAY, April 27th—
- Lord Horder on "Obscurantism," Moncure Conway Memorial Lecture, Conway Hall, 7.

THURSDAY, April 28th—
- National Council for Civil Liberties Members' Discussion Meeting, Caxton Hall, 8.15.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

EDWARD THOMAS. Very many must have read the name somewhere, for one who has read anything he wrote. The name recurs often enough on the lips of the old and middle-aged who remember him; he is sure of the immortality of which Samuel Butler spoke while they live. But a young man, hearing him so constantly spoken of, and going to a library to satisfy his curiosity, will find that Edward Thomas's books fill a whole shelf. His writings were being published from the time that he was an undergraduate at Oxford, and the last of them, *The Childhood of Edward Thomas: A Fragment of Autobiography* (Faber, 6*s*.), appeared a few days ago. The young man will, it is true, find some extremely good criticism of Pater and of Swinburne (from which better-known critics have taken some of their ideas), and a few very charming essays. But most of the books on the shelf will provoke wonder and a slight dismay. "Why should an exceptional, unforgettable man have written books with titles such as *Feminine Influence on the Poets; The Heart of England; In Pursuit of Spring*, etc., etc., which are pleasant enough hack-writing and nothing more?" The answer is simple enough: he had to write for money, and since his work brought in very little he had always to be writing for money. He had married while he was still at Oxford; he had children and he could not stop writing until the war came. He was killed by a German shell in 1917, and after his death the poems he had written in the few months of freedom which the war had given him were published in two thin volumes, on the porridge coloured wartime paper. Many of them expressed the strange blend of melancholy and of spiritual release which the war gave him:

> One thing I know, that love with chance
> And use and time and necessity
> Will grow, and louder the heart's dance
> At parting than at meeting be.

* * *

I knew him well when I was a boy, and now reading his own account of his boyhood astonishes me, so that I find it difficult to reconcile and to graft it on to the memory of the man. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas lived about ten miles away: I used to walk over to visit them, and he would walk part of the way back with me next day. The first of these visits was made memorable by our catching a large tench, and by a call on W. H. Davies, who had been taken out of an East-end lodging house and established in an empty cottage by Thomas. Afterwards I read *The Soul's Destroyer* and understood why. Edward Thomas was tall and bony, with a lean face, fair with dark blue eyes: he had the exceptional physical refinement and delicacy and the silence of a greyhound. He had also the gentleness of a man who had never hurried but had always enjoyed a certain amount of leisure. He was also completely a countryman; he knew all the birds and animals, where to watch them and find their nests. He was a fisherman and knew all about poaching too, though when a startled rabbit sprang away from us into a wire, he released it and we watched it run off none the worse. Left to myself I should have broken its neck and pocketed it. Edward Thomas knew all Richard Jefferies' writings: and he fished as a boy on Coate Reservoir and knew all the places of which I had only read in *Bevis* and *The Amateur Poacher*. He had an absorbing love of natural beauty, and his love of poetry and of literature had grown from that. I used to mock him for eating nuts and going to Eustace Miles's vegetarian restaurant, where the food seemed a bit unreal. I could understand letting the rabbit go, but not eating Plasmon and spinach.

* * *

The *Fragment of Autobiography* starts in the lowest class of a suburban board school, kicking tins along the hard streets, waging fierce battles with the boys of the neighbouring grammar school on Wandsworth Common, looking on, half-shrinking and half-gloating, when bigger boys cut up live frogs with their pocket-knives on a wooden park seat near the pond. Later he went farther afield: an expedition to Wimbledon Common is marked by the memory of "the joy of throwing stones over into the unknown depths of a great garden and hearing the glass-house break." Though he had four brothers they meant little to him; girls from the first were exceedingly important. Holidays were at Swindon, where his uncle was a fitter in the Great Western Railway works, and there was fishing and pelting water rats on Sundays. Lacking rats "a dead dog was a good deal better than nothing." His uncle could make those bark whistles which belong, in my mind, to the world of *As You Like It*. The Board School was exchanged for a private school: he began to keep pigeons which got caught by cats.

> This was one of the few sorrows of pigeon keeping. The pleasures were innumerable. Chief of all was to set the birds free, watch them to the roof, clap till they flew round and round, draw them down by whistling and scattering seed. The mere purchasing of seed out of my pocket money was a pleasure, especially as I was always experimenting with my own fancifully proportioned mixtures of dari, barley, maize, tares and peas.

There were visits to other fanciers: one man demanded two-and-six each for a pair of homers. Edward Thomas had only half a crown and watched the man put the head of one bird in his mouth and bite through its neck before he gave him the other. He bird's-nested and hunted for butterflies and fished more and more. One expedition to Richmond Park was memorable.

> I was the only person fishing there and was trying to land a jack of some size without a landing net, when a girls' school came by. In my excitement I very brusquely asked one of the girls to bring me my net, which was out of reach, which she without consulting the mistress rapidly and very sweetly did, thereby doubling the pleasure and glory of my catch. The fish was over four pounds in weight. The girl—whom I scarcely looked at—was beautiful. It was still early morning.

* * *

Edward Thomas's Childhood astonished me because I had always imagined his coming from a sheltered home. But it is extraordinary to think of him knocking about the London streets, peering through a crack into the slaughterhouse and taking so much pleasure in fighting. Since I find it hard to fit the fragment of autobiography on to the memory of the man I knew, I can hardly recommend it to those readers who did not know him and want to get an idea of what he was like. And as an autobiography, to be read for its own sake, readers may find it disappointing. Edward Thomas obviously wrote it down not for publication but as a brief record of all his memories. If he had made a book of it, he would have suppressed parts and enlarged others. It is scrappy and congested. The part about Swindon and the simple toothless old man who fished on Coate Reservoir and chewed prodigiously at his brown bread and watercress is the best thing; that and the descriptions of the girls who attracted him but to whom he had nothing to say. It is a strange childhood for such a sensitive fastidious man.

> "Only two teams work on the farm this year.
> One of my mates is dead. The second day
> In France they killed him. It was back in March,
> The very night of the blizzard too. Now if
> He had stayed here we should have moved the tree."
> "And I should not have sat here. Everything
> Would have been different. For it would have been
> Another world." "Ay, and a better, though
> If we could see all all might seem good." Then
> The lovers came out of the wood again:
> The horses started and for the last time
> I watched the clods crumble and topple over
> After the ploughshare and the stumbling team.

That tells more of the man I knew than any of his essays or these fragments, yet I am glad they have been published.

DAVID GARNETT

NAOMI MITCHISON

HARRY ROBERTS (*New Statesman*): "This sincere, intelligent, well and simply written book is not one which can be adequately reviewed in a few words; for nearly every page is both suggestive and provocative. . . . The author reasons with striking sincerity and simplicity of mind, yet subtlety of intellect.

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BURGOS JUSTICE translated by W. HORSFALL CARTER

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BURGOS JUSTICE

CONSTABLE

A PERVERSE STORY

Mussolini in the Making. By GAUDENS MEGARO. *Allen and Unwin.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

This is a detailed study of Mussolini's life until just before the War, and it should at once be admitted that it is the most important book on him, by far, that has yet been written. There is, unfortunately, nothing of equal quality on Hitler. For those even moderately interested in contemporary history, Mr. Megaro's is a work which it is quite essential, and the phrase is used advisedly, to read.

Mr. Megaro, of Harvard University, completed the present volume in 1936. He collected and worked on the material, visiting Italy, Austria and Switzerland at intervals, from 1925 onwards. During these years, he interviewed Mussolini himself, the King of Italy, two ex-Prime Ministers, and a number of ex-ministers of State. He was searched by the Italian police four times, and questioned ten times.

> What most impressed the author during his research was the wealth of valuable data on Mussolini and on his background, which had generally been regarded as non-existent, destroyed or inaccessible. While he does not presume to have seen every scrap of material on the period covered in this volume, he thinks that, aside from mutilated collections of newspapers and aside from records removed from their proper places by Mussolini, few documents have escaped his notice.

By the time one has finished reading him one feels less inclined to doubt this apparently astonishing claim.

The author expresses his initial idea thus. "The key to an understanding of Mussolini, the Duce of Italian Socialism as well as the Duce of Italian Fascism, lies in a full explanation of his early life and career." Faced with the vast fund of completely new material which Mr. Megaro has unravelled, it is quite painful to choose. He begins with Mussolini's birth in 1883, in Forli, a province of the rebellious Romagna. Alessandro Mussolini, the father, was an articulate and locally celebrated Socialist who named his eldest son Benito Amilcare Andrea. Benito, after a Mexican revolutionary, and Amilcare and Andrea after two Italian anarchist-internationalists. An account of his earliest youth, written by Mussolini himself before he became famous, has proved useful in demonstrating that from the very beginning he displayed to an abnormal degree the one, only and lonely quality, or belief, to which he has always been loyal. Violence. "Pugnacious little poacher" is how he describes himself up to the age of nine, when he went off to school; he remembers the day because of a fight with a friend. He was at school barely two years before he was expelled for behaviour which culminated in his stabbing a companion with a penknife. Shrewd, assimilative, and intensely practical already, Mussolini graduated from a Normal School as an elementary school teacher in 1901, and decided, the following year, to seek his fortune in Switzerland.

It is at this point that one first receives proof of Mr. Megaro's fairness and reliability as a biographer: he successfully explodes various legends about the Swiss period that have become far too widely accepted. Against Mussolini—that he was too stupid to find better employment than that of a mason; that he stole watches; that he was a French spy. For him—that he was a University student. What Mussolini did become, at twenty, was secretary and propagandist to the Italian Socialists of Bern. There is little room here to trace with any detail the path which was to lead him to the editor's chair, in 1912, of *Avanti!* and the literary leadership of Italian Socialism. It is the story of what the author calls "a voluptuary of activism." In countless passionate articles and speeches, in prison and out, Mussolini extolled the extremest forms of revolutionary activity. Gradualists, and reformist Socialists, he reviled as savagely as the Army, the Parliament, the King, and Christ, whom he once accused of having an affair with Mary Magdalene. Before quoting two typical fragments there is one curious and revealing *trait* to which Mr. Megaro has drawn attention. Mussolini is very desirous of being considered a creative writer. He has actually published a novel, which was translated into English in 1928, called *The Cardinal's Mistress*. He once announced a volume to be entitled *Critical Studies in German Literature;* he also contemplated bringing out a book called *Perverse Short Stories*, and Americans will be startled to learn that he is the President of the International Mark Twain Society.

Mussolini as Socialist was never more characteristic than in his well-known reference to the first Italian expedition against Abyssinia. When he made it, in Switzerland, he was a deserter from the army. Mr. Megaro, quite rightly, has reproduced it once more:

> Italy needed bread and she was bled white by an army and a navy. She needed to regenerate herself completely and she was plunged into colonial enterprises. The dream of a jingoistic minister (Crispi) and of an imperialist sovereign (Humbert) was suffocated in the blood of Adowa. . . .

And here is the conclusion of a speech made in 1910, attacking a Congress of Nationalist writers in Florence. This is one of Mr. Megaro's many felicitous discoveries:

> Nationalism? . . . Brought to the sun, exposed to the winds, it will lose its fragrance. The inevitable cannot be checked. The world goes towards the socialist international, towards the federation of fatherlands, no longer enemies, but sisters. These nationalisms are nothing but efforts and makeshifts of the bourgeoisie to retard for a year, for a day, the great event which will mark the end of the pre-history of mankind.

In a final, analytical chapter of considerable brilliance, a chapter which has the whole force of his assiduous accumulation of evidence behind it, Mr. Megaro sums up. Mussolini has spent the second half of his political life in unscrupulously obliterating everything which the first half was devoted to building up. Hitler betrayed several early friends: Mussolini betrayed them all. Mr. Megaro disposes, once and for all, of the possibility that this change of front was occasioned by a change of heart:

> Disappointed in not having led a socialist revolution in Italy . . . his anti-democratic fascism is the child of his anti-democratic socialism. He has cared more for passionate political combat in itself than for the ultimate social object of such combat—so long as the combat is revolutionary in method. Socialism and Italy, revolutionism and nationalism have served as ideological masks for his craving to lead . . . an aggressive body of men. . . . He is a twentieth-century *condottière* consumed by the lust for dominion over men and ready to embrace any cause so long as this lust can be satisfied.
>
> . . . A young man of uncommon intelligence . . . he had a predilection for the literature of revolt, which . . . buttressed and lent an air to his refractory nature. . . . Never has he been interested in learning, research or ideas except in so far as he could use them for his own self-advancement as a man of action. His sole preoccupation is himself. As long as Mussolini lives as the head of the Italian State, the world will know no peace. . . . He will never

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APOLOGY

A settlement was reached in the libel action STAN HARDING v. VICTOR GOLLANCZ, Ltd., and others in the King's Bench Division, which came before Mr. Justice Charles on Monday, April 11th. The Publishers' apology in the following terms was read in Court by Counsel for the Defence:—

" Our attention has been drawn to the fact that in a book by MARGUERITE HARRISON published by us, in which the author relates her experiences as a Secret Service agent in Germany and Russia, she has repeated the false political charges which led to MRS. STAN HARDING'S imprisonment when visiting Russia as the accredited correspondent of the ' World ' newspaper of New York, and which were subsequently proved to be without any foundation whatever.

" Our attention was further drawn to the fact that in 1923, when a demand for reparation for this false imprisonment was put forward by the British Government, an indemnity was paid by the Russian Government, which named as MRS. STAN HARDING'S accuser the author of this book, MRS. MARGUERITE HARRISON, who, as she states in her book, was at that time acting as a Soviet informer and was supplying the Soviet Government with false information in that capacity.

" As soon as our attention was drawn to these facts we immediately, as might be expected, withdrew the book from sale, and we wish to express our regret to the Plaintiff for the republication through inadvertence of the wholly baseless allegations which have already been the cause of such very serious injury to her. We have paid to the Plaintiff the sum of £1,000 by way of damages, and we have agreed to use our best endeavours to get back any copies which are still in the hands of the libraries and booksellers."

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stop fomenting disorder, arousing hatred and threatening war as long as he envisages himself as the founder of a new world politic, as long as there lies before him the formidable temptation of seeing the fascist mentality, as incarnated in his own person, dominate the Western world.

These are the author's conclusions. Some people imagine that Fascism is a by-product of Socialism. It is not. It is the dross, and one more book has appeared that makes it clear. One remembers, as one lays it down, that it is on the good faith of Mussolini, the greatest professional traitor of modern history, that our Government has risked not only its own existence, but possibly that of the whole of Western civilisation.

BRIAN HOWARD

POSSIBILITIES OF TELEPATHY AND CLAIRVOYANCE

New Frontiers of the Mind. By J. B. RHINE. *Faber.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Dr. Rhine's new book raises again the vexed question of telepathy and clairvoyance, which he defines as follows: "The perception of the thought or feelings of another (telepathy), or of an objective fact or relation (clairvoyance), without the aid of the known sensory processes." Both faculties are covered by the general term "extra-sensory perception."

If the existence of extra-sensory perception could be established, the effect upon conceptions of the mind would be revolutionary. For, so far at least as perception is concerned, most psychologists still think of the mind as a piece of mechanism and assert, with Locke, that there can be nothing in the mind that has not originally entered through the channels of the senses. As Dr. Rhine puts it:

> The organs of sight and hearing, of taste and smell, and the other "receiving stations" in the skin and deeper tissues are the sole means by which we can perceive what is going on in the world outside ourselves. According to this long-unquestioned doctrine there is no way of direct communication between one mind and another and no possible means by which reality can be experienced except through the recognised channels of sense. So the mind is believed to be geared to the sense organs, and they in turn to the mechanical world about us.

If, then, it could be shown that the "recognised senses are not the only channels through which we perceive," current conceptions both of the nature and the powers of the mind and also of the universe which the mind knows would have to be revised. For example, if we can have knowledge which is not sensory knowledge, but which is as direct and immediate as sensory knowledge is, we may be able directly and immediately to know non-sensory things; for example, beauty, justice or God.

The practical consequences of the establishment of telepathy would be equally great. If we can have direct knowledge of what is passing in the minds of other people, a large number of time-honoured human activities will lose their point. Artfulness and hypocrisy will no longer serve a purpose; lying will become a thing of the past, and diplomacy will cease to be a profession. The increase in morality will be great; the increase in discomfort, at any rate at first, equally great.

It is, therefore, a matter of considerable moment to know whether extra-sensory perception is or is not among normal human faculties. Dr. Rhine, on the basis of the experiments which for several years he has been conducting at Duke University, in the United States, claims that it is. In these experiments packs of twenty-five cards were prepared, the cards being inscribed with geometrical diagrams such as a rectangle, a star, a plus sign, and so on. There were five such diagrams, each diagram appearing on five separate cards in each pack of twenty-five. The experiments consisted in asking the subject to name the order in which the cards were arranged in the pack. There were three variations. First, the subject named each card as it was removed face downwards from the pack. Secondly, he named the order of the cards as they lay face downwards in the pack on the table, no card being touched or moved. Thirdly, he named the order of the cards from the images present in the mind of another person who was looking at them. The first two were experiments in clairvoyance, the third in telepathy. During a period of three years between 90,000 and 100,000 separate experiments were made. Now, it is easy to work out the number of correct guesses on a purely chance basis, and so to arrive at the figure for the probable error in every twenty-five guesses. Most of the subjects experimented with gave answers which did not rise above this "chance" figure. It presently became apparent, however, that some students were producing results which were considerably in excess of it. A group of about eight of these students were accordingly subjected to a prolonged and intensive series of experiments with surprising results.

For example, in the course of 2,250 witnessed trials in the first type of clairvoyant experiment, a subject called 869 cards correctly. This is 419 above the chance figure and constitutes an average of 9.7 correct calls for each pack of twenty-five cards. Another subject returned an average of 14.7 correct calls for each pack of twenty-five cards over 300 different trials. There are, again, records of twenty-one correct calls out of twenty-five, even of twenty-five correct calls straight off the reel. In some of the experiments the caller was separated from the cards by a screen, in others by a wall and in others by a quadrangle, the caller being at one end of a long college building and the cards being turned in a room at the other. The telepathy experiments returned similar results.

The reports of these experiments have caused a considerable stir. A journal of Parapsychology, published in America, devotes itself to a discussion of the problems of extra-sensory perception, and contains accounts of similar experiments which have been conducted at other universities in the United States with broadly similar results. Meanwhile E.S.P., as it is called, has become a craze in America. Packs of E.S.P. cards are sold in thousands, and telepathy and clairvoyance-guessing solace the evenings of many a quiet business-man's home.

How far can Dr. Rhine's results, with all their surprising implications, be accepted? At first they were accepted very widely. Chance being ruled out of the question, the only factor which had seriously to be considered was that of fraud. Dr. Rhine's books contain elaborate accounts of the precautions taken against fraud, which certainly *sound* convincing. A serious objection to the fraud hypothesis is the psychological. Is it really credible that half a dozen members of a university staff, working with a constantly changing group of students, would have been content to conduct a series of what must have been exceedingly monotonous and tiring experiments, lasting for more

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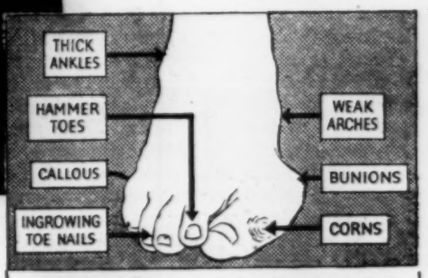

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than three years, with no other object than that of making fools of one another? Is it further credible that, if this were indeed the case, nobody would have given the game away?

Is there, moreover, anything inherently improbable in Rhine's results? The question, it is obvious, raises metaphysical hypotheses. Among these there is one which renders the gradual development of a new human faculty highly plausible, namely, that which underlies Shaw's *Back to Methusalah*. If life is a creative force, expressing itself in human beings in pursuance of a purpose which evolves as life evolves, then life may be expected to develop through its individual expressions such characteristics as are useful to it. Shaw suggested that longer life was the characteristic most immediately desirable, and his people began accordingly to live longer. But a direct knowledge of other people's minds would constitute an equally important vital advance. For how clumsy is our present mode of communication! Because people's bodies go through movements analogous to our own, we deduce that these bodies are animated by minds. We then infer what is happening in these minds by analogy from what we know *would* be happening in our minds, if we made similar movements. The possibilities of misreading and mistake both involuntary and deliberately induced are enormous, and much, it is obvious, would be gained if we could eliminate them.

It is, therefore, sad to record that, in recent years, the early hopes that some of us entertained for E.S.P. have begun to fade. For, when experiments of the same kind were started in this country, they produced the most disappointing results. Professor Thouless, of Glasgow, carried out many thousands of tests without obtaining the slightest success. Mr. S. G. Soal has, during the last two or three years, conducted in the Psychology Department of University College, London, over a hundred thousand tests upon no fewer than a hundred and twenty different people, "without" —I quote his words—"finding a single individual who is believed to demonstrate these alleged remarkable powers." One particular medium from whom Dr. Rhine obtained results "of an astronomical order" was tested by Mr. Soal with over twelve thousand guesses at University College, with completely negative results. Meanwhile, criticisms of Dr. Rhine's work have begun to accumulate. It is said that his statistical methods are open to technical criticisms on the ground that he selects the most successful results and ignores his failures. It has even been suggested that, as he uses a few packs of cards over and over again, guessers learn to recognise the cards by noting small spots on their backs, and so on. The whole question is, at the moment, *sub judice*. We can only hope that Dr. Rhine is right. If he is, we must conclude that the English are quite unusually untelepathic. It is, of course, known that we are given to hypocrisy, which is one method of concealing the contents of the mind. Dr. Rhine has, indeed, already hinted that this may be the explanation of our comparative failure to obtain results. C. E. M. JOAD

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ALONE IN THE HEBRIDES

I Crossed the Minch. By LOUIS MACNEICE. With Eight Drawings by NANCY SHARP. *Longmans.* 10s. 6d.

Mr. MacNeice dumps his Hebridean impressions at our feet with the gesture of a man shaking out of a rucksack the miscellaneous objects accumulated on a walking tour. They lie higgledy-piggledy on the floor, some of them sharply evocative of unfamiliar country, others mere lumps of soggy and indeterminate matter. Strange that an author who can write so well should also write so badly; that a book which contains scores of memorable phrases and a few splendid passages of sustained description should harbour so many trivialities and poor jokes. *I Crossed the Minch* is a scrap-book; based on the author's travel journal, it is filled out with all sorts of odds and ends—verse (both serious and satirical), prose parodies, imaginary dialogues, and so on. There is nothing wrong with such a recipe for a travel book; it has served before and will serve again. But it demands two qualities which Mr. MacNeice cannot very abundantly supply: continuous high spirits and severe self-criticism.

Now and again the author tells us that his spirits are high, and once at least he convinces us. The occasion of his exuberance is characteristically Celtic, a desolate walk in a downpour:

> Feeling vigorous and almost hilarious I pasted back the wet hair from my face and sang several rather sentimental jazz songs, putting in the tremolos. I felt that I should like to roll up my sleeves and plunge my arms up to the elbows into the black, soaking countryside. . . . That I should like to roll naked on this country like a dog or a colt. The rain was warm on my lips and hair. The country though desolate was immensely sympathetic, physically comforting like the smell of horses in a stable.

For the most part, however, he seems to be slouching around the islands (of which he gives us no map, so that his movements appear vaguer and more aimless than they were) in unhappy isolation from his London friends and from the ramshackle snobbish civilisation which he both loves and hates. "For a person like myself whose chief pleasures in life are liking and being liked it is a dreary abstinence to travel alone in places where such pleasures are out of the question." Since his book contains a number of drawings by another hand, illustrating actual episodes in the narrative, Mr. MacNeice's use of the word "alone" puzzles me; still, taking his word for it, I can sympathise with his feeling of Ovidian exile—without expecting it to produce a very vigorous chronicle of travel. He admires sentimentally the unsophisticated life of the islanders, but does not enquire too closely into their present economic predicament. He soon tires of the simple life, pines for the telephone, for "my flat in Hampstead, my curtains in peach-coloured chintz with white Victorian bows and my Borzoi sleeping on the sofa." Whenever possible he buys *The Listener*, to which all his friends appear to contribute.

Those friends, he cannot escape them; go where he will, their imaginary scrutiny makes him acutely self-conscious. Two young men named Percival and Crowder are perpetually on his trail; they sniff cocaine, read Kafka in the original, call one another "ducky" and "my dear," dissect and disparage their creator. There is no blinking the fact that Percival and Crowder are bores; their inclusion is an instance of the author's lack of self-criticism. His journal is itself curiously uneven; at one moment conveying a vivid impression of, say, a cottage interior: "Very warm and full of smoke and humanity; plates on the dresser shone like moons through mist"; at another sinking to this: "I picked some primroses and spent some time stroking white bullocks." The depth of triviality is plumbed in the last chapter, a long girlish gossipy letter from "Hetty" to "Maisie," of breathless interest, I have no doubt, to the little band who can grasp all the allusions and private jokes. Even an outsider can

Company Meeting

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PRESIDING at the Annual General Meeting of the Eagle Star Insurance Company Limited, held on April 13th in London, Sir Edward Mountain, Bart., J.P., in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said they had had an excellent year in the Life Department. 2,792 policies were issued for sums assured of £10,680,819, of which £216,038 was reassured. Of the sums assured only £3,000 represented business outside of the United Kingdom. There was a substantial increase in all sections of their life assurance business, but especially in their group pension and group life schemes.

The expansion in their new business was reflected by the increased premium income of the combined life funds, which now exceeded £1,000,000 per annum, notwithstanding the normal shrinkage in the closed life funds. This year, so far, they had done a larger business than for the same period last year. The rate of interest earned by their current life and annuity funds in 1937 was £4 3s. 1*d*. per cent. after allowing for income tax, as compared with £4 3s. 5*d*. per cent. in 1936. The expense ratio was again lower, having decreased during the year by over 1¾ per cent., following a reduction of 1¼ per cent. in 1936. The fire account showed a profit of £89,099, which constituted a record.

The premium income in the accident department showed further expansion during the year, the income being £81,258 as against £76,756 for 1936. After providing for all outstanding claims and the customary reserve of 40 per cent. of the premiums for unexpired risks, a profit of £14,221 was transferred to profit and loss account.

The premium income in the general insurance department again showed an increase, the year's income figure standing at £476,874 as against last year's figure of £461,044. Claims paid and outstanding amounted to £154,563, and after providing for the usual reserve of 40 per cent. for unexpired risks a profit of £102,072 was transferred to profit and loss account, showing a satisfactory increase.

The premium income in the motor department of £1,631,238 showed a small decrease of £1,993 as compared with 1936. The claims paid and outstanding amounted to £1,043,579, and after provision for expenses they transferred from profit and loss account a sum of £43,743 to meet the loss at the end of the year and a further sum of £50,000 to strengthen their claims reserves. Other insurance companies were having a similar experience. During recent years, as the result of legislation they had found large additional responsibility put on their shoulders. One of the additional burdens, the full force of which had not yet been felt, was a decision given in the House of Lords in the case of "Rose *v.* Ford," by which they had to give compensation for what is termed "expectation of life."

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

The credit balance brought in from last year was £277,803. The net interest on investments was £339,611; trustee and other fees £9,749. Transfers from various trading departments £207,369. Premium on the issue of Ordinary shares, after providing for expenses, £1,107,562. Transfer from exchange reserve fund of amount not now required £75,000, making a total of £2,017,094. That amount had been dealt with in the following manner: By the payment of the increased dividend of 30 per cent., amounting with the Preference and Preferred Ordinary dividends to £314,087 (which was more than covered by the net interest earnings). Provision for British and other taxation and expenses absorbed £163,371. Special non-recurring expenses, capital reorganisation, etc., written off, £19,241, and reserve for National Defence contribution £13,500. Transfer to motor insurance account £43,743, and to additional claims reserve in the same department £50,000. After these adjustments there remained a sum of £1,394,521, of which £100,000 was allocated to provision for pensions, bringing the total up to £300,000, and £1,007,562 to general reserve fund. They had transferred from the same account a corresponding sum in respect of past accumulations from revenue, thus leaving the general reserve at the same round figure of 2½ millions. Over and above the full reserve in the various departments they had this general reserve of £2,500,000 to ensure that, should any catastrophe arise, their capital of £5,406,618 would remain intact.

They now proposed to create a further fund to cover general contingencies, and for that purpose they had transferred £1,000,000 to a contingencies account. Of that amount £297,515 had been earmarked to meet the depreciation at the end of 1937 in the investments of the general fund, and the balance, with the carry-forward of £294,521 in the profit and loss account left them with nearly £1,000,000 that could be used at any time should any special contingency arise.

Regarding the National Defence contribution, whilst they did not object to paying their fair share, they, in common with the other insurance companies transacting general insurance business, felt that the taxing of investment income in addition to trading profits was inequitable.

In conclusion, he expressed his great appreciation and thanks to the staff and agents who had contributed to the excellent results.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

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Sir D. M. Stevenson's Appeal

During the recent aerial attacks on Barcelona the Scottish Ambulance Unit was busy on the Guadalajara front north of Madrid picking up wounded and conveying them to hospital; but the news from Barcelona was so terrible that the Commandant, Miss Jacobsen, could not resist the appeals to her to come there even for a short stay. She did so twice, and I have never read anything more heart-rending than the story of her visits to the hospitals and, worst of all, to the mortuary, where she found distracted wives searching for their husbands' bodies among the mangled remains and weeping mothers trying to identify and piece together the limbs of their children.

A section of the press has been assuring us so persistently that the struggle is virtually over that I had begun to think that further appeals to the generosity of your readers would be unnecessary, but on Saturday I had a long telegram from Madrid saying that an immediate shipment of foodstuffs is imperative—50 tons if possible. This means from £1,500 to £2,000, according to the goods selected, so I have no alternative. The "New Statesman and Nation" readers have been good supporters of the unit in the past, and I make no apology for begging once again. Contributions, large or small, will be gratefully acknowledged by

SIR DANIEL STEVENSON
(Chairman, Scottish Ambulance Unit)
5, Cleveden Road, Glasgow

guess at the identities of Hetty and Maisie, and readers of this journal are unlikely to miss a sly reference to Sybil Donnelly, contributor to the *New Parson and Parish*. But fancy inflicting such school-mag. jokes on the world at large!

The verse is no less unequal. A *Dialogue Between Head and Foot* is pointless jogtrot, like a poor translation of the more argumentative bits of *Peer Gynt*; but *Music for Bagpipes* and the Auden-ish *Ballad of Lord Leverhulme* are brilliantly entertaining; while *Leaving Barra* is as touching and sincere as anything Mr. MacNeice has yet written. It is difficult to say whether pride or innocence is responsible for his lapses. Above all things, he is afraid of being "literary," of tidying up, arranging, or rewriting. To consider the reader's convenience would be to betray his own sincerity. He has emptied his rucksack, and we may take or leave the contents, just as we please. Much of it is well worth taking.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

MILTON

The Miltonic Setting. By E. M. W. TILLYARD. *Cambridge.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Milton: Complete Poetry and Selected Prose. *Nonesuch Press.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Miltonic Setting is chiefly apologetic—a reply to the highbrows who have undertaken to debunk Milton's poetry. It is apologetic in more senses than one, for Dr. Tillyard, though a valiant champion, is much in awe of the *Zeitgeist*, terribly anxious to be "aware of the contemporary situation." Meeting his opponents half-way, he even rejoices in "a new notion of Milton which has been replacing, gradually and even painfully, a no longer wholesome piece of idolatry." "No longer," since whatever was must have been right, he inclines to think: though it is only *Zeitgeist* to make a partial exception of the Victorians.

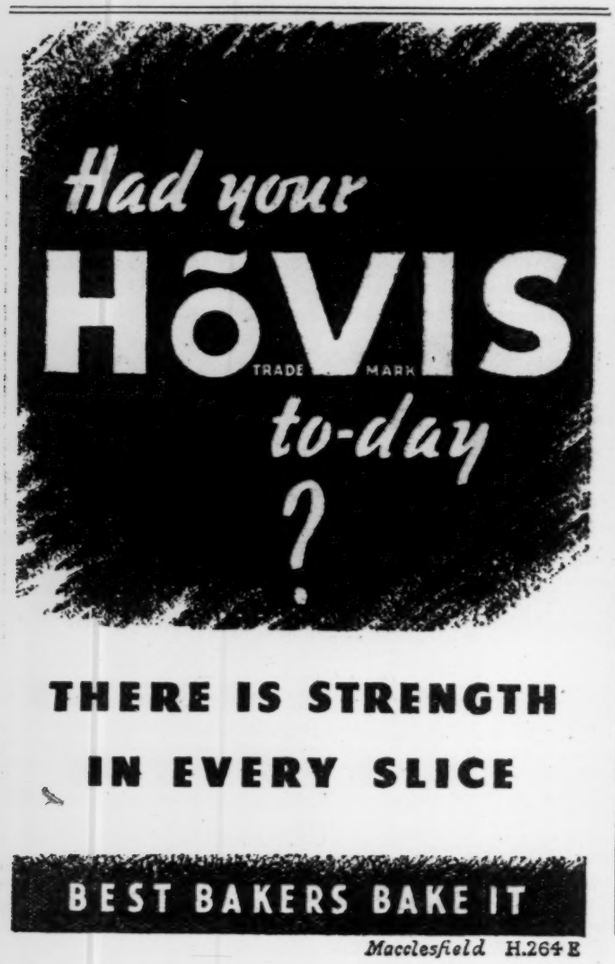
It strikes me that the "traditional" attitude is largely a creation of his own fancy, indeed that earlier critics were, if anything, rather less anxious than Dr. Tillyard to save Milton's credit on all points at all costs. However, in his view they were idolatrous, and he proposes to set things right by dropping "inspirational criticism" and "attaching the poet more firmly to his own age"—*Zeitgeist* to the rescue! Take, for instance, the use of cannon in heaven. We think it funny: but "Professor Grierson has reminded us that nothing is more normal to the fantasy of the age." And therefore, concludes Dr. Tillyard, there is nothing to laugh at. Again, critics have found in the style of *Paradise Lost* an excessive grandeur, a tendency to hardening of the arteries. But this excess of grandeur was *de rigueur* in an epic poem; so, if you object to it, "you imply not only an attack on Milton, but that monstrous folly, an indictment of a whole epoch." The courageous reader, unless he shares Dr. Tillyard's view of *Zeitgeist*, will ask, Why not? Just as there are bad poems, there are bad periods—or we think there are: it is indeed a short way with aesthetics to fall back on admiring everything that was admired in its time.

But Dr. Tillyard does not stop there; he would like, also, to get Milton under the aegis of present fashion. It can't always be done—for instance, "we must accept the necessity of calling Milton a Protestant." On the other hand, he writes from "the deeper levels of consciousness," he is in touch with "certain primitive ways of feeling": take his flair for neatness of structure, and his pleasure in it—"a sensation so elemental as to be shared by the nest-building animals." He has a right of entry into "the perilous world of savages and professors with notebooks, of taboos, totem-poles, and demons of vegetation." Moreover, "the disappointment of his political hopes . . . must have been a shock so vast that only an unconscious exceptionally serene, exceptionally adjusted to the forces of life, could have kept him sane." All this should suffice to extenuate, in our eyes, his unlucky Protestantism.

Dr. Tillyard seems to me a much better advocate when he can get away from the *Zeitgeist*. His thoroughness, honesty and scholarship are outstanding, and his courtesy is even excessive; he abstains from quoting the sillier remarks of the other side, and speaks them fair on occasions when most people would be tempted to knock their heads together. The honours of the struggle shift, naturally, with the point in dispute. On Keats's much-advertised rejection of Milton he scores a neat triumph, by pointing out that the escape was not into Shakespeare, as Mr. Murry would have it, but into Chatterton. "The Paradise Lost, though so fine in itself, is a corruption of our Language. . . . The purest English—or what ought to be the purest—is Chatterton's. . . . His language is entirely northern . . . uncorrupted of Chaucer's gallicisms. . . . 'Tis genuine English Idiom in English Words." Keats, in fact, was suffering from a nordic bee in the bonnet. But of course the attempt to discredit Milton by antithesis "is far more effective if you set up Shakespeare against Milton than if you set up Chatterton against Milton and Chaucer." Again, Mr. Eliot considers Milton deficient in visual power: his senses were not generally active, he cannot give "the feeling of being in a particular place at a particular time." To this accusation Dr. Tillyard's answer is (*a*) Why should he? and (*b*) He does give it. Again I think the honours are on his side; a poet may have active senses without going in wholesale for the particular, and indeed it would not be hard to retort on the "particularity" school with some virulence—though Dr. Tillyard's respect for any existing situation keeps him quiescent. With those who find Milton's later style artificial and inorganic he has more difficulty, because there is more truth in the charge. No doubt they exaggerate, but he is not content to say that; he would like to justify the artificiality, and to deny it in the same breath. And the statement that Milton deliberately "clothed prose notions" in a splendour of rhetoric seems to throw him out altogether. He says it may be so. "That Milton did not do this I cannot possibly prove, but if he did and if this was his habitual poetic method, he ranks as an epic poet with Blackmore and Glover rather than with Camoens and Virgil." So of him then we shall never know what to think—it all depends, not on what he wrote, but on how he is ultimately shown (if he ever could be shown) to have written it. *En attendant*, one or two of the greatest writers of Europe must be dismissed into outer darkness.

Dr. Tillyard cannot really mean that: and most of us will be quite satisfied to base a judgment on the Nonesuch Milton exclusively. It contains all the poetical works, all the best of the prose, and (in an appendix) English verse translations of all the poems in another language. Milton's Latin Elegies and Sylvae are so important, and Mr. Skeat's translations so good, that the appendix alone would make the volume worth having. Editing and appearance are on the usual high level.

K. JOHN



ST. SALVADOR'S GOSPEL

The World's Design. By SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA. *Allen and Unwin.* 10s. 6d.

Theory and Practice in International Relations. By SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA. *Oxford University Press.* 6s.

In 1930 Señor de Madariaga published a collection of witty commentaries on international affairs under the title *I. Americans.* —The First Epistle to the Americans. (The "Americans," I should explain, are the bulk of men and women living to-day, persons who will assent to the proposition of a world order, "yet find it hard to part with the old tribal prejudices and cosy insularities"). In spite of numerous requests he has never delivered the Second Epistle. Now we know why. For, with intervals of fostering the study of Spanish at Oxford and serving his country at Geneva, he has been plumbing the depths of his own unique international experience: and from those depths, now, he has produced most valuable treasure-trove. What he offers us is not just his usual dexterous juggling with ideas but a substantial piece of exegesis, in other words, the gospel according to St. Salvador.

That anyone should discern "good news" in the vagaries of the world to-day is in itself remarkable—but then the author of *The World's Design* is not concerned with the phenomena that appear on the surface. He is essentially a logician, demonstrating intellectual theorems: and, like most rationalists, he is adept at finding reasons for believing what he wants to believe. Thus, at a time when cocking a snook at democracy and internationalism is becoming the regular practice of the totalitarian States, we are told that "the ethical principles which stand at the basis of the Covenant are too strong for any nations publicly to abjure them . . ." Because of the high opinion, moreover, in which he holds the "complex and organic" national sense of Englishmen, Señor de Madariaga concludes that England offers the best basis for the evolution towards the World Commonwealth of his vision. Actually, witness the present flounderings of our patrician class in their dealings with astute foreign statesmen, the island-bound intelligence of Englishmen would seem to make this nation least fitted of all for that role.

The author's main argument is summed up in this passage from the Introduction:

> It is therefore in vain that national governments endeavour to lick into shape the rebellious events of our era. Events are not rebellious in themselves, by a kind of pernicious original sin. They are, or rather seem, rebellious because we handle them with the wrong instrument. A motor car will not move under the threat of a whip. Our national governments, hurling national decrees at the particular plot of world life which, being closest to them, they mistake for national life, are like drivers whipping the eight cylinders of a lorry on the ground that they are equivalent to forty horse-power. Nations have to a great extent vanished into illusions while we slept on the mattresses of tradition and history. But before a remedy can be found for the present world disorder men must realise this change, and feel in themselves how much they have become world citizens.

Ask an Italian of the younger generation—or an Irishman—if the nation is an illusion! What chance have Germans in the *Reich* of any sense of world citizenship? Obviously, Señor de Madariaga fails to make allowance for the immaturity of certain nations, still less does he appreciate the terrifying effects of the new technique of mass-suggestion. But then he is not concerned with men's innermost feelings and instincts, "the things of Mary," he is operating on the plane of measurable, palpable facts. Thus, like H. G. Wells and other twentieth-century Encyclopaedists, he is content to evoke the world-wide nature of communications, both mental and physical—of finance, production, etc.: "the solidarity of things," quite independent of our wishes, preferences or ideas. Only, as he acknowledges, there is no corresponding inward conviction of solidarity, no world loyalty; and therefore the first efforts to establish an organised society—the League of Nations—have been a dismal failure.

Just because of the fact, however, that the stage on which events take place is already co-extensive with "the world," any mere inter-national treatment is doomed. Of Article XVI of the League Covenant he truly says:

> Sanctions fail because, being co-operative, they are in advance of the current political morality of nations and yet lag behind the organic character already developed in fact by the world community. . . . The idea is abstract and out of touch with the realities of life.

The same applies, he suggests, to the flyblown expedient of "collective security," axiomatic on paper, inoperative in practice —and needing to be replaced by the notion of *international* (or world) security.

What is the remedy, then? Clearly, that the League must develop its own organs of action: whereas the statesmen of the great Powers have never got beyond the idea of regarding Geneva as a vehicle for their respective national policies. But institutions adequate to the task, which is no less than "the intelligent organisation of life on the planet," will be worse than useless until there is a world consciousness superseding the sixty or so lusty national sovereignties of the day.

It is to the evocation of that world consciousness that Señor de Madariaga is now devoting himself, with his World Citizenship Association, whose nature and functions are explained in the concluding pages of this book. Undaunted by the currents of irrationality which every day are swamping the constructions of the Liberal humanists, like so many sand-castles, he is content to be the twentieth-century equivalent of those "quiet clerks" who, at the elbows of the Kings of France and England, forged the powerful nation-State.

The other little book, reprinting a course of lectures given on the William J. Cooper Foundation at Swarthmore College, Pa., is the selfsame argument in academic dress. It is definitely rather heavy going. W. HORSFALL CARTER

ANTI-FASCISM

In Letters of Red. *Michael Joseph.* 6s.

Here is a collection—by nineteen authors and the best cartoonist in the world—notable as much for its literary competence as for its anti-Fascist content. The publisher says, and with justification indeed, that the book "is not an anthology of choice pieces from the published works of twenty modern authors—it is a crusade against Fascism by twenty vital living writers using the weapon that is proverbially mightier than the sword."

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know that any crusade can only succeed if it is supported by a mass of decent, simple-thinking men and women whose first demand of their leaders is that they should speak with simplicity. Lenin himself owed much of his power to his extreme clarity of thought and expression; and, although it may be incidental, I hold that the best literature, the timeless and ageless literature, has been distinguished by precisely such qualities.

For that perfectly good reason the following contributors to this book are dismissed as a general hindrance to the cause which all good men have at heart: W. H. Auden, Geoffrey Grigson and C. Day Lewis. All are cursed with an intolerable prolixity of thought and expression.

The poet, God knows, has a major role to fill in this long battle against reaction; and all the real poets who have ever fought it have not forgotten that the mass-support without which no crusade has ever succeeded or ever will succeed can only be got by talking in a language that all men can understand.

For the rest of the book it is difficult to have anything but the highest praise.

It is the fashion of our enemies to decry the politico-literary weapon, on the grounds that it is so small and so feeble a weapon that it can do no good. Greater nonsense has never been talked. The constant flow of printed ideas has generated every great movement of our time; and in this hour, when most of the ideas in which we believe are retreating before the forces of the Fascintern, it is encouraging to find so many men so capable of driving home the lesson that we may eventually be forced to learn in sorrow and in bondage.

The idea that this book sets out to tell is hammered home in contribution after contribution; and it would be difficult to drag from the most competently edited list any one contributor who performs the function more admirably than his fellows. Every means of expression plays its part. Poetry, fiction, drama, political exposition and reportage—that horrible word which seems now to have become a part of our language. Contributors are drawn—in spite of the title—from every anti-Fascist party, and from many creeds.

I think that the contribution from James Lansdale Hodson hits more nails on the head than any other. It is an argument between a young pacifist and (if he will forgive me) a middle-aged would-be pacifist, who has learned that the time for such idealism has long gone by. Yet to select that is to do injustice to many others who all have equally pertinent remarks to make. There is John Brownson, for instance, with an admirable, short story, Robert Herring on the News Reels, Peter Lagger with half-a-dozen vicious epigrams, Louis Macneice, Kingsley Martin, with a piece on Spain that should be read by every Cabinet Minister, Siegfried Sassoon, John Strachey, with a finely arrogant apologia, and Herbert Hodge, a London taxi-driver, to whom I commend Messrs. Auden, Grigson and Lewis. There are no flies on Mr. Hodge and no subtlety about him; and I would be prepared to bet that for every one person whom the three of them rope into the crusade, Mr. Hodge will rope in a hundred. He may not be literature, true; but at the moment recruits to the anti-Fascist cause are more important than literature. Without them literature may well perish from the earth. And then where should we be?

Let me make one more complaint—about the title. Anti-Fascism is not the prerogative of the extreme Left, whose colour gives the book its name. It must have been an irresistible title, but it is inaccurate.

PHILIP JORDAN

ROYAL ESTATES

The Domesday of Crown Lands. By SIDNEY J. MADGE. *Routledge.* 25s.

Never did a major revolution leave fewer permanent traces in institutional forms than the fall of the English monarchy in 1649. When Charles II recovered possession eleven years later he found that much of the constitutional framework had been tampered with, though in few places beyond repair. But the old materials of the social structure were still in functional employment, and among them notably the land law. With its respectable intricacies the Commonwealth experimenters were not disposed to meddle. Resumption of Crown estates accordingly presented the government with no problems beyond the administrative difficulties of tracing the widely dispersed sources of revenue; and these difficulties were eased by the existence of a very remarkable series of land surveys which had been undertaken by parliamentary officials when the Commonwealth came into being.

Dr. Madge, who has given many years to the detailed examination of the records, very properly claims that his book is a definitive study of this neglected body of material. It would appear that his title, with its faintly threatening associations, is intended to refer to the labours of the surveyors rather than to his own. But even Dr. Madge is daunting. He has to convince us that he has beyond all question exhausted his subject matter; and this means much talk about his success in discovering unknown documents, whilst it is not always clear that these retiring little quarries have really much to say in answering the questions we should like to put to them. To say that Dr. Madge is primarily interested in his evidence for its own sake is not to condemn the importance of his study or to deny that he belongs to that class of ingenious and patient scholars of which each generation of historians produces only a handful. Where they unearth and tidy the foundations there is social history in the making. Others exploit where they have organised.

The Great Rebellion was won with the proceeds of delinquents' estates. The Commonwealth was stabilised on the sales of Church and Crown lands. Until 1654 a heavy annual deficit was made up by raiding capital—the real and personal estate of Charles Stuart. In other words arrears of army pay were liquidated by meeting claims in debentures which gave rights of pre-emption to their holders as the royal manors, chases and rent-charges were put up for sale. Less than 10 per cent. of the property was acquired by the actual tenants (who had first refusal); the remainder, if I follow the author's demonstration, went at thirteen years' purchase or more to the personal creditors of the State, of whom the great majority seem to have been army officers. Total sales realised about £1,400,000. They might have reached a higher figure, even in the depressed state of the market, had it not been for frauds and the fact that the market was limited. Purchasers were prone to form rings to check competition. In his chapter, "Control of the Market," Dr. Madge gives some instructive details of the operations of syndicates of officers, who were clearly very much alive to business opportunities. An analysis of the statistical tables, which are made with admirable care and can be understood by the non-specialist, brings much that is of social significance into partial relief. These tables have unfortunately little to say about the fortunes of the peasantry, over whose heads most of the contracts appear to have been made; but they are capable of demonstrating how a revolutionary government can consolidate the interests of its supporters.

A. V. JUDGES

SHORTER NOTICES

The Wild Geese. Pen Portraits of Famous Irish Exiles. By GERALD GRIFFIN. *Jarrolds.* 12s. 6d.

There is an unwritten law that Irish literary and political memoirs must be vivacious, indiscreet, abounding in good-humoured malice. Mr. Gerald Griffin's new book will not disappoint in this respect. His audacious anecdotes and sly gossip are so entertaining that, after the first shock of surprise, we overlook his many lapses from literary grace, his slapdash enthusiasm and his Celtic exuberance in the trifling matter of misprints. Yeats, Shaw, Carson, Kitchener, Major Willie Redmond and lesser known Dublin wits including the late Tom Kettle pass in rapid succession before us. Mr. Griffin has borrowed his title "The Wild Geese" from the traditional name of the Irish Jacobite soldiers who sailed to the Continent after the Williamite Wars; and the choice of title is significant. Beneath Mr. Griffin's superficial liveliness and literary irreverence there is a good deal of traditional Irish sentiment. He may admire Joyce and Shaw but he never forgets the *Irish Melodies* and the old-fashioned "tear and the smile." This flavour of the past gives a disconcerting unreliability to his sense of values and an irritating lack of balance to his judgments. As a pious Catholic he is offended greatly by George Moore and cannot see the implacable honesty in Moore's mockery and abusiveness. As a friend of Joyce, however, Mr. Griffin can accept a great deal of iconoclasm. He is fair to the anti-Irish Irishmen of his generation; he can see Carson's point of view, but cleverly notes that Carson's Italian ancestry points to him as the real father of Fascism. He is almost fair to Kitchener in his sensational suggestion that a German-Irish plot may have been responsible for the fate of the *Hampshire*. But national sentiment obscures Mr. Griffin's clarity of view at times. So he paints a venerable picture of that supreme playboy, T. P. O'Connor, and discreetly veils from us T.P.'s less amiable characteristics. Boss Croker, the Tammany Chief; John Devoy, the old Fenian, jostle shoulders with James Stephens, Conal O'Riordan and younger writers whom Mr. Griffin has the courage to admire. We may suspect that he never spoils a good story by refraining from a seasoning pinch of imagination. Mr. Griffin was present at the famous riot over Synge's *Playboy of the Western World* at the Abbey Theatre. When Mr. Yeats called in the police instead of a powerful

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Poltergeist, Mr. Griffin found himself sitting outside in the gutter with other enthusiasts. One of his companions in distress recited vehemently an appropriate poem by Yeats. We almost hesitate to point out in killjoy spirit that the poem in question was not written by Mr. Yeats until five years after the death of Synge.

Peter Beckford, Esq. By HENRY HIGGINSON. *Collins.* 15*s.*

A biography of the Peter Beckford who wrote *Thoughts on Fox Hunting*. Beckford's commentaries on his foreign travels, which fill many pages of this book, are witty, learned and intelligent, and written in the purest elegance of eighteenth-century style. He thought ideas about equality nonsense, but took Clementi, when he was only fourteen, back with him to England and kept him for seven years so that he could perfect himself as a composer. His fox-hunting lore is still said to be unsurpassed. The biography is well documented, and Mr. Higginson's style has some of the merits of his subject. It is altogether a delightful book, tastefully produced, easy to read and illustrated with reproductions of original drawings by Lionel Edwards, R.I., which also have an eighteenth-century flavour. A charming book for the last of the cultured squires and their admirers.

The Early Dominicans. By R. F. BENNETT. *Cambridge.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Thanks to pious phrases of hagiographers, which obscure personality with general characteristics of saintliness, our knowledge of the Dominic is woefully inadequate. It is unlikely that enough new material will ever come to light to make him anything but a shadow of a man: and the vividness of the hysterical St. Francis is apt to intensify the obscurity which surrounds the practical preacher. But in this present study—expanded from an Hulsean Prize Essay—Mr. Bennett has tried to help us to a fairer estimate of Dominic's character. By examining the attitudes to poverty, philosophy and preaching, of the earlier generations of preaching friars we are enabled to form more clearly our judgment on the Saint's own aims and methods.

The chapter on Poverty is particularly good, where the author contends that "as a realist, St. Dominic chose a middle way, adopting neither the Franciscan extreme, nor the passionate character of the older orders. His main idea was to win the sympathy and trust of the masses to whom he was preaching, and he used poverty strictly as a means to obtain this. Any idea of poverty as an end or as a virtue in and for itself alone never came within the scope of his thought." This interpretation is the more convincing in that it does give a rational explanation of Dominic's changing, and at first sight inconsistent, attitude to property. Indeed, in the calmness with which he could view the temptations of Lady Poverty and the dangers of philosophy no less than in the fervour with which he solicited Bulic from the Pope to make certain the privileges of his order, we clearly see in Dominic a great and sane business-man of the Church, and it is fitting that he should have been granted one of her peerages.

Australian Landfall. By ERON ERWIN KISCH. Translated from the German by JOHN FISHER and IRENE and KEVIN FITZGERALD. *Secker and Warburg.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The author of this book is a German-speaking, Czechslovak citizen of Communist faith and Jewish blood, who was invited to Melbourne in 1934 to attend a congress against war and Fascism. The Commonwealth Government declared, through the mouth of Mr. R. G. Menzies, that he would not be allowed to land. He landed first of all at Melbourne, by jumping from the liner on to the stone pier; and was bundled back on board with a broken leg. He landed again at Sydney, on crutches but a free man, after the Supreme Court of New South Wales had declared his detention on the ship to be illegal. No sooner had he landed than he was set a dictation test in Scottish Gaelic; failing to pass it, he was put under arrest as an illegal immigrant under the Immigration Restriction Act. But the High Court let him out. Into his short stay in Australia were crowded a hectic succession of court cases, newspaper sensations, processions, public meetings, a never-ceasing feud with government and police. Mr. Kisch has no false modesty and is a vivid writer. The story as he tells it has epic quality. It should be added that not only Mr. Kisch, but also the Australian defenders of free speech and the Australian judiciary, came well out of the story. Having set down a lively record of his own experiences, M. Kisch proceeds to give a traveller's impressions of Australia, its society, its past and its future. Estimates of those impressions will differ according to the value which readers place on scholarly qualities. Mr. Kisch has none. He is quite certain that no Australian has ever studied any of the things which matter most to the country, such as bushfires or deserts. He is quite capable (p. 106) of putting the political history of the crises years into a paragraph, with most of the facts wrong. He describes the Wakefield plans of immigration (p. 200) as "a new plot against the Australian workers"—this at a time when the total free population was 21,000! In short, he has a very superficial knowledge of the history and problems of Australia. On the other hand, he has a sharp Marxist eye which sometimes (e.g., in the chapter on the aborigines) sees the essential truth, and usually sees interesting patterns.

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GRAMOPHONE NOTES

THE April supplements bring no startling novelties, either contemporary or drawn from neglected works of the old masters. But they include a wonderful performance of the last of Beethoven's ten violin sonatas, that in *G major, Op.* 96. This is a work of much finer quality than the more familiar *Kreutzer*; indeed it ranks among the most glorious things Beethoven has left us. Biographers explain its calm, lyrical style by the fact that it was written for Rode, a violinist quite unlike the brilliant Englishman, Bridgetower, for whom the *Kreutzer* was intended. Beethoven admitted that he "took into consideration Rode's style of playing." "We are fond of rushing passages in our finales," he wrote to the Archduke Rudolph, "but that does not suit Rode, and—it really troubles me somewhat." It may have troubled him at first, but he overcame the difficulties with triumphant success: and it is quite a relief to be spared another finale of the glittering "effective" kind. From first to last the sonata is filled with a radiant serenity which is the secular counterpart of the eternal felicity depicted in the *Benedictus* of the *Missa Solennis*—and it is in the same key, too: how often, in the classics, we find this correspondence of key and mood! It is one of those works which fill the listener with a profound sense of goodness and make him realise why the world has always felt Beethoven's genius, unlike that of Mozart, to be of an essentially moral order. As we listen, the thought of evil becomes unreal, and we recall the words of Irina in *The Three Sisters*: "... as though I were sailing with the great blue sky above me and big white birds flying over it ... it suddenly seemed to me as though everything in the world was clear to me and that I knew how one ought to live." This great work has now been played on three Parlophone records by Lili Krauss and Simon Goldberg—a performance of extreme intimacy and restraint. Some may think the style too yielding, the level of tone too low; but in my view they capture the quiet happiness of the music to perfection; and the recording is excellent. The records made by Kreisler and Rupp for the Beethoven Violin Sonata Society were unequal, insensitive and disappointing.

Among orchestral records pride of place must be given to the Vienna Philharmonic, conducted by Bruno Walter, in Haydn's *Symphony in G major, No.* 100: the one called the *Military* because of the trumpet call in the *Allegretto* and the occasional appearance of big drum, cymbals and triangle. Walter handles

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Rates, and all information on page 701.

these accessories with extreme discretion, and secures a delicious performance of the delicious music: only one or two of Haydn's symphonies surpass this one, and by a narrow margin at that. The troublesome Viennese echo is almost absent from these three H.M.V. records, and there is no other comparable version of the work. A single H.M.V. gives us the same orchestra and conductor (now alas divorced by the iniquity of racial persecution) in the *Adagietto* from Mahler's *Fifth Symphony*, a gentle reverie in the post-Wagnerian idiom which will delight all who are not in revolt against the golden sunset of romanticism. One should not hear too much of the late Romantics—Delius, Mahler, Bruckner, Strauss—but I feel sorry for those who are so tough that they cannot hear them at all. H.M.V. have issued on two records a version of the *Tristan Prelude and Liebestod* so admirable in interpretation (Furtwängler and Berlin Philharmonic) and recording that I felt again, as though for the first time, all the skill and beauty of the actual *composition* in this *Prelude*, the impression it gives of that inevitable, organic growth which, in Wagner's very best work, can persist throughout an entire act. The climax of the *Liebestod* shows how the best modern recording can carry a huge volume of tone without blare: even the piccolo which edges the crest of the wave is not shrill. Another Furtwängler record comes from Decca: Mozart's *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik* (K.525) on five sides, the sixth occupied by a fine performance by Kulen-Kampft of a beautiful violin *Adagio in E major* (K.261) with the orchestral part played on the piano by Rupp. Furtwängler's handling of the Serenade is delicate in the extreme, some would say mannered; I like it very well, but a slight haziness in the recording, coupled with the additional expense of a third record, will decide most people in favour of the four-sided Bruno Walter set on H.M.V. There are two concertos: Tartini for the violin in D minor on two Columbias (Szigeti) and Ravel for the piano, left hand alone, on two Deccas (Mme. Blancquard). The Tartini is a noble, pathetic composition which, though unfamiliar, will find a warm welcome in Szigeti's attractive version: his last side is occupied by a lovely transcription of the slow movement from Bach's *F minor Clavier Concerto*, to which only the ill-informed pedant would object. The Ravel seems to me quite the emptiest work I have heard by a composer who towards the end of his life produced much that was empty. Even the *Bolero* is better than this; though its persistence drives you insane, it is at least *something*. The *Concerto* was written for the fine pianist Paul Wittgenstein, who lost an arm in the war; no doubt it was very brave of him to continue his career under this handicap, very kind of Ravel to write a work for him, and very clever of Mme. Blancquard to play it, as the label assures us, "solely with the left hand." But all this has little to do with art.

The great symphony which the sort of person I dislike refers to as "Brahms's *Choreartium*" has received a most excellent performance from the London Symphony Orchestra under Weingartner, and—apart from a lack of drum—a no less excellent recording from Columbia (5 discs). If musicians have no eyes, it is equally true that balletomanes have no ears, or they could not tolerate the sort of slipshod performance a work of this nature is bound to receive from an overworked orchestra and a routine conductor with one eye on the *prima ballerina*. After a couple of *Choreartia*, Brahms's *E minor*, for all its splendid structure and tragic dignity, begins to seem a shabby old bore; but Weingartner's clear and balanced musicianship quickly restores its true stature. He takes the *Andante*, by the way, faster than usual, at a light flowing *tempo* which delights me, but would be impossible for the purposes of the dance to which it has been set. Conversely, his *tempo* for the third movement (*Allegro giocoso*) is decidedly on the slow side, and the playing here lacks the drive and boisterous high spirits of Brahms's conception. In this respect, and in many others, Weingartner's reading is very unlike the other standard gramophone version of Brahms's *Fourth*, that by Bruno Walter and the B.B.C. Orchestra on H.M.V. Apart from the fact that the H.M.V. set has some clumsy fade-in and fade-out effects at the beginning and end of sides, the choice between these two splendid sets is entirely one of personal preference. I lean slightly towards the Walter, because of its immense warmth and vitality and the sumptuous tone of the climaxes; but the virtues of the new set are no less real and in the slow movement they tip the balance back towards Weingartner.

Tchaikovsky's *Piano Trio in A minor*, Op. 50, is recorded on 5½ H.M.V. records by Yehudi and Hephzibah Menuhin and Maurice Eisenberg: the only modern recording of this huge, sprawling work. The first movement has great beauties; but the second and last, a Theme and Variations extending over 7 sides, tries our patience severely: there are few clearer examples of lifeless academicism in music than the fugue which forms the eighth variation. The performance, rising at moments to eloquence, is generally too stuffy and well-behaved to reveal the sensuous Slav beneath his unaccustomed dickey and made-up bow: Miss Menuhin, in particular, excellent musician though she is, lacks the necessary touch of dash and virtuosity. It is a performance which might set the Danube on fire, but not the Volga. Schumann's *Fantasia in C major*, Op. 17, in a performance by Backhaus, occupies seven H.M.V. sides, the eighth containing the fourth of the Op. 23 *Fantasiestücke*. The *Fantasia* is usually considered to be one of the works on which Schumann's reputation rests, but of its three movements only the opening one seems to me of first-rate quality: the second, a commonplace March, shows Schumann in his detestable rumtitumti mood, all dotted crotchets and thick common chords for both hands; the third is a *Lento*, charming but weakly repetitive. Backhaus does not draw from this music all its romantic feeling, but his playing is dignified and accurate—and also the only available version. There are three single piano records of splendid quality: Eileen Joyce (time we had a concerto from her) in a brilliant Bach *Prelude and Fugue in A minor* (not one of the "48" and not a transcription) and the famous Paradies *Toccata* (Parlophone); Moiseivitsch in Debussy's *Jardins sous la Pluie* and two pretty trifles by Poulenc and Stravinsky (H.M.V.); and Kitain in Chopin's *Rondo in E flat major*, Op. 16 (Col.). Dr. Schweitzer records, on the beautiful old Silbermann organ of St. Aurélie, Strasbourg, César Franck's *Chorale No. 1 in E major*, and the result is more remarkable for clarity and truth than any other organ recording I have heard. I always find Franck's idiom exhausting to listen to (except in the *Variations Symphoniques*), but this work shows him somewhere near his best.

The human voice is represented by a meagre trickle this month. Mme. Flagstad (H.M.V.) sings magnificently in two popular Wagnerian excerpts—"Du bist der Lenz" from *Die Walküre*, and "Euch Lüften" from *Lohengrin*; but the American recording of voice and orchestra (Philadelphia) has a factitious glitter which only the inexperienced will mistake for the real thing. On the other hand, the Parlophone recording of Ebe Stignani in the aria "Printemps qui commence" from *Samson et Dalila* is technically marvellous; the old-fashioned glow of the music and the singer's warm and plummy, if not perfectly steady, *cantilena* make this the best of recent opera records. The latest Parlophone Historical re-issue couples two baritones who were deservedly famous at Covent Garden before the war: Stracciari in an aria from Leoncavallo's *Zazà*, Sammarco in "Pari siamo" from *Rigoletto*. The same company issues two Loewe ballads, *Heinrich der Vögler* and *Prinz Eugen*, in a capital performance by Gerhardt Hüsch: but not to provide a leaflet of the German text with this sort of narrative music is sheer madness. H.M.V. release three records containing excerpts from the actual soundtrack of *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, which will be of great interest to all Disneiomanes.

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No. 424

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1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, April 29th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

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HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

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DORSET IN SPRING is delightful. Glenthorn Private Hotel, Swanage, offers modern accommodation, charming surroundings, excellent English cooking. Garage. Near sea, golf.

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SALTDEAN, Brighton. GLENDOWER, first-class guest house. Tel.: Rottingdean 9552.

SUSSEX, Wood's Mill, Henfield. 'Phone: 93. Charming house, grounds, cuisine, comfort, fishing, riding, car.

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HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

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Aug. 21st–Sept. 8th, 1938
VENICE, Dubrovnik, OLYMPIA, ATHENS, LESBOS, Mt. Pelion, MT. ATHOS, Samothrace, THERMOPYLAE, CRETE, DELPHI
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BAVARIA. Cultured German family receives paying guests. Comfortable home, beautiful position. Excursions mountains, lakes. Good food. German lessons if desired. Moderate terms. Reference: MISS SCHOFIELD, 159 Sutherland Avenue, W.9.

SPRING and early summer on south coast of Brittany. Guests received in modernised house, 50 acres private grounds on sea near Concarneau. Open Easter to October. Bathing, fishing, boating, sailing. Excellent tourist centre; car. French conversation. 65 frs. MADAME CHAUVET, Stang Bihan, Beuzec Conq, Finistère.

FINLAND FOR HOLIDAYS. 11 days for only £10. Write for free illustrated Handbook: N., FINNISH TRAVEL BUREAU, 7 Victoria St., London, S.W.1.

MENTON-GARAVAN: Hotel Marina, centre bay, highly recommended. Pension from 38; facing south from 42; excellent cuisine. Comfort, modern. Open all year.

FISHING

FLY-FISHING. Milton Loch, Galloway. Trout average 1–3 lbs. Boats (2 rods), 10s. per day. Apply GALLOWAY ARMS HOTEL, Crocketford, By Dumfries.

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HAMPSTEAD, Belsize Park. 13 Lambolle Rd., N.W.3. One-room service flatlets. Everything new and modern. Meals optional. F., 22s. 6d. single, 30s. double. PRI. 2798.

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Rates, and all information on page 701.

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PERTHSHIRE SCOTLAND

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 422

Set by V. S. Pritchett

"Housemaid's Knee," "Writer's Cramp," "Tennis Elbow," "The Publican's Friend"—there must be other occupational diseases besides these. The usual prizes of Two Guineas and Half a Guinea will be given for affixing appropriate maladies to any two of the following persons, and for a brief note on the symptoms of each; a member of the Non-Intervention Committee; a reviewer; a dictator; an Average Man; a bishop; an ash blonde; a press lord; a B.B.C. announcer.

Report by V. S. Pritchett

This was one of those competitions which, alas, arouse an extraordinary unanimity among competitors. There was originality enough in the names of the occupational diseases, but the symptoms were all much alike. Perhaps this was inevitable, but nearly every competitor faced with the pathology of the Non-Intervention Committee talked about red spots before the eyes; those who plumped for the reviewer dwelled in chorus upon his back scratching; and I read page after page of bulging eyes, jaws, veins and heads of press lords and dictators. Hence Sir Robert Witt's brevity was attractive: "A Reviewer. Book Worms. Symptom: Itching to Scratch. A Bishop. See Sickness. Symptom: Continuous P-retching."

See sickness was one of the most brilliant new diseases, but I didn't care for the second pun and, on the whole, prefer the more circumstantial entries. There was Mervyn Horder's Rictus Pressbaronialis with "general conditon very Low in the evening. Patient does not object to isolation." Pibwob's "Press Lord's Goat" which becomes the scapegoat and "must go" and Boris Ford's Press Lord's Aura Florealis, a complaint resulting from "the curious practice of lying with one's ear close to the ground, and, in doing so, picking up infectious dirt from the gutter"—these showed the right kind of ingenuity. Sinister in name, though too literal in symptoms—a complex here—was Kezia's Bishop's Confirmation Hands. I have not been confirmed, but bishops should be warned that there appears to be a widespread distaste for their hands. There seems to have been an odour which was not that of sanctity. The B.B.C. announcer was not a success, and NEW STATESMAN readers do not know their Ash Blondes. The Average Man was nicely infected by only one competitor, someone from Essex whose name I cannot completely read: the sufferer has "a feeling at bottom that all is not right." Citizen's Mediterranean Fever, F. G. M. Fraser's Neutrals' Disease or Spanish Blindness, and Arbela's Reviewer's Spleen were goodish—the last struck home:

"The temperature rises and there is intense irritation relieved—usually at intervals of seven days—by acrid discharges from the gall bladder. Free exercise on the hobby horse is found beneficial." I had no doubts about L. W. Bailey being the winner and J. J. E. ran him close.

FIRST PRIZE.

OCCUPATIONAL DISEASES.

Plymouth Pink-Eye.

An affliction of the sight common amongst members of the Non-Intervention Committee. A film of red obscures the retina of the eye, causing a peculiar kind of colour-blindness. The patient sees the world as predominantly red in hue, and is oblivious to many other colours, such as blue, white, black, etc. There is also a general distortion of the vision causing inability to perceive certain types of documentary evidence, and leading to what is often called "short-sighted" or "one-eyed" behaviour. Occasional deafness has also been observed in a number of cases. Pains or "smarting" may be soothed by the application of a cheap remedy known as Chamberlain's Eyewash.

Beaver's Fever.

A form of brain-fever peculiar to newspaper owners. Certain organs swell to an abnormal size, and large veins appear across the head and face. These veins (known as "headlines") have a virulent and alarming appearance, but are usually found upon close examination to contain nothing, and may be freely lanced. The patient has a perpetually high temperature and excessive blood-pressure, and suffers from paranoiac hallucinations of persecution and grandeur. A common symptom is a periodic and uncontrollable desire to distribute gifts in large quantities, usually insurance policies or complete sets of the works of Dickens. It is vital that the Circulation should be kept flowing, and in certain extreme cases isolation is recommended. L. W. BAILEY

SECOND PRIZE.

A DICTATOR.

"*Marksman's Itch.*"—Among early symptoms, if the chin be not elaborately squared, a dank forelock sometimes appears on the forehead, but always myriads of gangsterous black spots collect in the entourage, and recurrent spynal tremors lead to violent purges. As the mania grows and the blood begins to boil with aggravations of racial richness, the rostra are visibly heightened and a higher-power locomotor habit invariably ensues: the eyes are now staring, if furtive, the voice raucous and bombinating, the head much swollen, the mind still vacant, until, with the onset of the final delusions of grandeur, the entourage turns deep red and death is immediate.

A MEMBER OF THE NON-INTERVENTION COMMITTEE.

"*Belligerent's Squint.*"—Unlike the simpler forms of visual disorder, this malady is characterised by intense inward obsession, entirely contrary to the apparent direction of eyes and speech, regarding what is Right and is to be Left respectively. On Eden's theory this harmless, even beneficial form of *caecitas diplomaticum* is safely distinguishable from general inflammation because exhibiting frequent voluntary intravenal infusions of black and red virus impartially effective on all sides, chiefly at the front, the marks of the disease being peculiarly visible to observers more than three miles distant. Traces of Roman fever are a complication ascribed to the Nyon subaqueous treatment, but these have been dealt with by the Nevillian method, the victim being still kept within a frigid vacuum with arms severely restricted, but the black virus being now exclusively nourished. Gradual extirpation of all evidences of life other than a growing healthy blackness of the body indicate progress, and it is advisable to watch carefully the reactions of sympathisers, best observable if these be liberally supplied with wool pulled well over the eyes, with bland bandages for the ears, and, if possible, mouths. J. J. E.

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 277.—SPOTTEM

By *W. A. Caro.*

The conversation of two men of suspicious character and appearance was overheard in a café of dubious reputation and immediately reported to Chief Inspector Spottem.

It appeared that both were deeply concerned as to future means of communication, considering that it was decidedly dangerous to meet again in the café or even to call at one another's homes, even though they lived in the same street.

At length it was agreed that the telephone would be the best means, but neither knew the other's telephone number and each was much too cautious to repeat it verbally. Hence the following roundabout method was devised.

1st suspicious character. "My telephone number is the square of the number on the door of my house."

2nd suspicious character. "So is mine. But, I'm not quite sure what the number of your house is."

1st S.S. "Well it's the exact reverse of yours."

2nd S.S. After deep cogitation—"Well, it will save a lot of worry to remember that your telephone number must be the exact reverse of mine."

Chief-Inspector Spottem immediately consulted the telephone directory, picking out all pairs of five-figure numbers conforming to the above statement. Subsequent investigation eliminated all but one pair.

I afterwards asked him what the actual numbers were. The inspector laughed and said, "You can't expect me to remember them now. I do recall noticing that no two figures of either telephone number were the same. Anyway, what matters is that I arrested them at their homes in Crime Alley."

At what numbers did the criminals reside?

PROBLEM 275.—A MESSAGE IN CODE

Solution by Mrs. Hibbert

Changing each letter to two letters back in the alphabet, the message reads.

"This message involves two codes: The keyword to what follows this is LUCIFER."

For the second part, writing LUCIFER, then all the remaining letters of the alphabet in two corresponding lines of 13 each.

i.e. L U C I F E R A B D G H J
K M N O P Q S T V W X Y Z

and reading for each letter in the message, the corresponding (above or below) letter in the key, we have.

"A good time was had by one and all."

PROBLEM 274.—CHESS AT BISHOP'S CASTLE

A set of Low's cartoons goes to A. J. White, New College, Oxford. *Five* points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

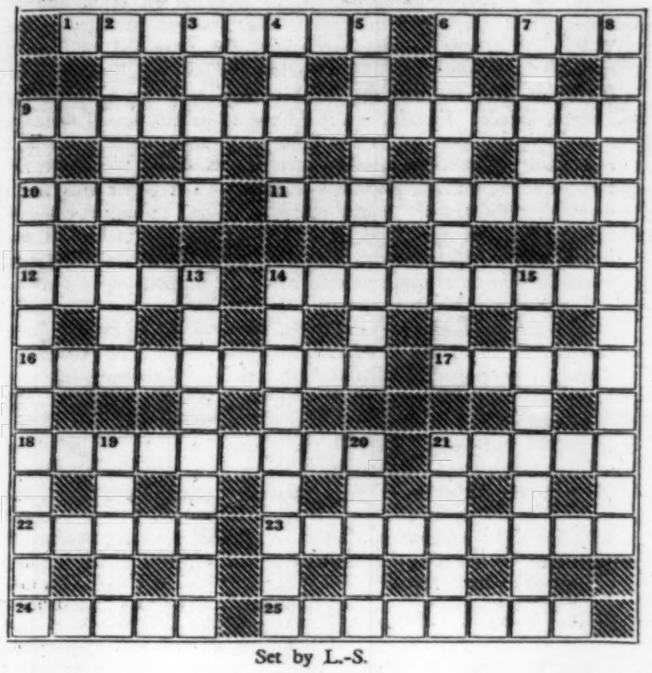
Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 424

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Owen Bentley, 149 Rugby Road, Leamington Spa.

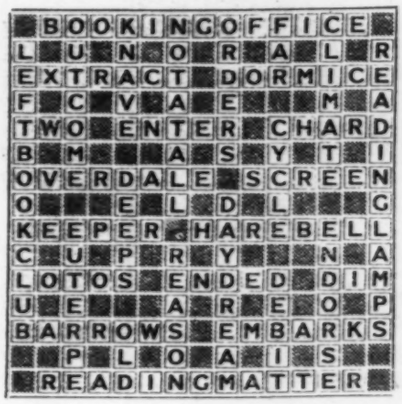
ACROSS

1. Obviously not drinks that can't be beaten. (8)
6. (rev.). He should be a saint, yet he's far from it. (5)
9. Has an unsteadying effect, like any cox in May Week. (15).
10. The fruit of time. (5)
11. Such a cricketer would be well sat on. (9)
12. The subaltern goes round here in France. (5)
14. Has a restraining influence on a headpiece. (9)
16. The noise of the little birds' mirth? (9)
17. The lowest turn of the drain. (5)
18. There is confusion about the exact rite. (9)
21. The perfect back. (5)
22 & 23. Four weeks Holy Days. (5) (9)
24. They are breath taking. (5)
25. Lear waxed poetical about it. (8)

DOWN

2. Where the future Literae Humaniores scholar sleeps in the nursery. (9)
3. It would be no use being at sixes & sevens if you wanted to play this. (5)
4. You can easily raise it up. (5)
5. Education that involves the filling up of forms. (9)
6. When young society finds the spice of life? (9)
7. Taken in the final goal. (5)
8. Such entertainments require a good opener. (13)
9. An ancient tailor or a scarecrow? (13)
13. They account for the tourist's looks. (9)
14. Is it peopled with Dresden figures? (9)
15. The old high roads. (9)
19. Dwellings that are always canvassed. (5)
20. Is one to change all this? (5)
21. Push forward at the fence. (5)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD



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ROOM A.B., BIRCH HEYS, FALLOWFIELD, MANCHESTER, 14

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

AWAITING THE BUDGET—THE PRESIDENT PRIMES THE PUMP—CABLE AND WIRELESS

THE Stock Exchange resumed business after the holidays on a reduced scale but with a cheerful sentiment. The Anglo-Italian Agreement created the impression in City eyes that Mr. Chamberlain was working towards a four-Power pact which would guarantee the peace of Europe for a number of years—or at any rate the peace of the stock markets for a few months. The rally staged by Wall Street on Saturday, following President Roosevelt's inflation message to Congress, raised hopes which proved to be premature. With American securities reactionary on this week's afterthoughts, the market in London was left to count its own political blessings and to wonder how much of tomorrow's jam will be scraped off by next Tuesday's Budget.

* * *

President Roosevelt has clearly decided that he will not surrender to Big Business. His pre-Easter message to Congress held no hint of a truce with the privately owned power companies, and indications from Washington are that, if the Lower House concurs with the Senate in killing the undistributed profits tax, the Tax Bill is likely to run up against the Presidential veto. Recovery is to be sought, not by conciliating the "interests," but by endeavouring to stage an inflation which should, in theory, stimulate the entrepreneur's appetite for, and anticipations of, renewed profits. As a preliminary, the monetary setting is got into inflationary shape. The Federal Reserve Board has directed member banks to reduce their reserve requirements by 12½ per cent. This will increase the volume of funds available for lending from $1,750 millions to $2,500 millions. In addition, the Treasury has desterilised the whole of its inactive gold holding, amounting to nearly $1,400 millions. If the Treasury, as seems probable, uses the notes created against desterilised gold to retire Government debt, banks' excess reserves will be pushed up to the record figure of nearly $3,900 millions. Thus a vast reservoir of potential credit is created. The question is whether the hostility of Big Business towards the Administration will prevent the water from activating the economic turbines.

* * *

Here the complementary part of Mr. Roosevelt's programme is to come into play. Between July 1st, 1938, and January 31st, 1939, he proposes to spend $1,250 millions on relief and to allocate a further $300 millions to organisations ancillary to the W.P.A. Furthermore, appropriations are proposed of $1,000 millions for public works, $300 millions for housing, $100 millions for roads, $37 millions for flood control and $25 millions for Federal offices. Finally, the R.F.C. is to be authorised to make loans up to a limit of $1,500 millions to railroads, utilities and industrial corporations whose managements desire to borrow for re-equipment and development purposes. On paper this is an impressive display of "pump-priming"; and though it remains to be seen how far municipalities will avail themselves of the public works and housing loans which they are offered, Congress is unlikely in an election year to block the outpouring of Federal moneys on direct relief. Much more doubtful is the willingness of utilities, railroads, and industrial corporations to borrow from the R.F.C. until the President has discontinued his campaign against monopoly profits and high prices. With industry as a whole running "in the red," and no sign of a truce between Washington and Wall Street, the psychological stimulus of the projected inflationary expenditure seems likely to be offset by critical emphasis on the terrific growth of Federal indebtedness. Even if the programme goes through Congress smoothly, the process of taking up the slack is likely to be slow; and I do not look for any sustained upward movement of American securities this side of the summer holidays.

* * *

The index of Cable and Wireless traffics for March at 74.7 (1929 = 100) was the lowest since 1934, and was 15.9 points below the figure for March, 1937. Coming after the extensive cuts in cable rates which were recently announced as between the different countries of the Empire, this had a depressing effect upon the market. Indeed, when the traffic index for May is published, giving effect to the new rate reductions, the market is afraid that the ordinary stock dividend of 4 per cent. will appear to be short-earned. Stockholders, however, must set off present losses against possible future gains. The new agreement between the parent company and the British and Dominion Governments provides for the cancellation of the onerous beam wireless rental of £250,000 per annum and for the transfer to the British Government of 2,600,000 shares of £1 out of the existing 30,000,000 shares in the operating company (equivalent to 8⅔ per cent. of that company's equity). This means that the parent company will receive only 91⅓ per cent. of the benefit of the beam rental abolition and will bear only 91⅓ per cent. of the estimated cost of the cable rate reductions. The present standard revenue of the operating company is to be written down from £1,860,000 a year to £1,200,000, or 4 per cent. on the capital, and if there is any surplus it is to be distributed as to one-third to the employees, one-third to further reductions in cable rates and one-third to the shareholders. The new standard revenue, however, appears unlikely to be earned in the near future. The parent company's accounts for 1937, which will be published in the middle of next month, should disclose consolidated earnings, on the basis of an average traffic index of 78.9 (against 74.4 in 1936), of about £1,300,000, leaving, after deduction of the preference dividend of £922,000, about £378,000, or 5½ per cent. on the ordinary stock. The new agreement would reduce these estimated earnings by about £137,000, leaving £241,000, or 3½ per cent. on the ordinary stock. This, however, is of academic interest only, for the traffic index for the first quarter of this year has averaged only 73.3 per cent. On the basis of the new cable rate reductions this 73.3 per cent. would be equivalent to 67.8 per cent., which would allow earnings of only £997,500 for the parent company, which would do no more than cover its preference dividends. Ultimately, however, the reductions in rates should lead to an increase in business, and if more than half the cost of the rate reductions (estimated at £300,000 to £500,000) is recovered, the abolition of the beam wireless rental would leave the operating company in an improved earnings position. Stockholders should bear in mind that ½ per cent. dividend on the operating company's capital is equivalent to 2¼ per cent. on the parent company's ordinary stock, which means that it is very highly geared. At 63 Cable and Wireless ordinary stock seems an expensive gamble on a revival in international trade.

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CVS—34

Company Meeting

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES

LORD McGOWAN'S ADDRESS

The Eleventh Annual General Meeting of Imperial Chemical Industries Limited, was held on Thursday in London.

The Rt. Hon. Lord McGowan, K.B.E., D.C.L., LL.D., Chairman of the Company, said (in part):

For seven years now as Managing Director I have borne the main responsibility for the many decisions necessary in the administration of this great business. Day by day questions crop up demanding early action. They touch affairs at home and abroad. Almost any commercial or economic event may affect our interests or our policy; nor can we in these days neglect political matters, for they are so intertwined with business relations that we have learned to regard them as the forerunner of industrial consequences. Some rest has been afforded me during the sea voyages incidental to my visits to our overseas companies—a course which my colleagues and I favour so strongly—but once at the scene of these interests, I have never found any lack of problems.

The time has come, in my mind as well as in that of my colleagues, for a step which will enable the immediate problems arising from the ever-increasing breadth of your Company's business to be handled with the rapidity the future is sure to demand. The change centres round one key point. I have freed myself from the task of taking every-day decisions on current business. The responsibility has been handed to seven of my colleagues, the Executive Directors now entrusted with the several sections of administration, namely, commercial, financial, overseas, personnel, research, technical, and the Groups Central Committee.

With the exception of the Groups Central Committee, each Director has associated with him three of his colleagues. By this means we have formed links of responsibility and co-ordination on larger issues. This change is not so great as it may appear, for these gentlemen have now for a number of years shared in all important decisions through their co-operation with the President and myself in the General Purposes Committee, the functions of which I described in April, 1932. That Committee has been re-constituted as a Management Board, over which I preside. It will meet regularly and will carry out collectively the duties I have hitherto executed as Managing Director. So far as they feel it proper within prescribed limits, these Executive Directors will act independently on their own or their Committee's responsibility. Beyond those limits they will bring major problems to the Management Board, which will also be made aware of their individual decisions. On that Board Lord Ashfield, Lord Weir and Colonel Pollitt will serve. Standing apart from the day-to-day administration, they will help us on general policy more intimately than is possible at the full Board, while constituting a valuable link with the other non-executive Directors. The functions of the Operating Groups and the powers of the Delegate Boards which control their activities were also described in 1932 and remain unchanged. The Board regard the new structure as a natural development of its policy of decentralisation. Under the new scheme of management both the President and I will have more time for judging the Company's major policies, and I have no doubt that the scheme will be of great benefit to the Company.

1937 AT HOME

Conditions in this country were good throughout the year, and the company, with its interests so closely linked with the general level of trade activity, had accordingly an excellent year. Practically all plants were running at capacity and our only anxiety was whether peak demands would overstrain our ability to supply. The Government's Defence Programme has naturally affected the demand for our products, but we cannot define its measure. Most of it is indirect.

We are being consulted on a number of defence schemes and certain contracts have been entered into, while others are still in the course of negotiation. We are carrying out schemes of construction, acting very largely as agents for the Service Departments and, accordingly, at their expense. The Service Departments have expressed their appreciation of our work.

Despite the report of the Royal Commission on the Private Manufacture of and Trading in Arms, much misapprehension still exists of the dependence of the profits of your company upon armament orders at home and abroad. I therefore say again that only a very small percentage of our activities is concerned with such business. Nothing would please us more than a world situation in which none of our products would be required for war or defensive purposes. That, however, is an idle dream, for we have to deal with world facts as they are. Nevertheless, the maintenance of peace and the avoidance of war anywhere in the world is our greatest interest.

Last year I informed you that your company had offered to acquire the preference and ordinary stock of The Salt Union, Limited, and this is to-day a wholly owned subsidiary of your company. The Salt Union has shared in the general prosperity of 1937, and we are sure that, in due course, this new acquisition will strengthen our prosperity.

The Salt Union was the original founder and principal shareholder in the Mersey Power Company Limited. After a careful review of the prospects of that company as an electrical undertaking, your Board came to the conclusion that it was not desirable, by retaining these shares, to become responsible for the supply or development of electric power. We therefore sold the total holding.

Members have learned from the annual report of the progress made by the petrol plant at Billingham. The general question of the production of oil from coal was considered last year by the Sub-Committee appointed by the Minister for the Co-ordination of Defence, under the Chairmanship of Viscount Falmouth. To facilitate the Committee's task we placed at its service the information derived from our own experience, including estimates of the capital and running costs of a new hydrogenation plant designed to use coal only. We also said that your Company would not be prepared, under present conditions, to extend its commitments in hydrogenation development. Even if the guarantee of protection were unlimited, we would not do so for at least another two years, when the full benefit of the experience of the Billingham plant would be available. We emphasised the national character of this development, especially as a defence measure, and suggested that it required participation by wider interests, in which event we should be prepared to consider contributing a certain amount of capital. We also suggested the lines which we thought Government assistance would have to follow if further development by commercial interests were to be secured, including an extension of the guarantee period under the British Hydrocarbon Oils Production Act, 1934, due to expire about the 30th September, 1939.

The Committee recommended that preference at the rate at present actually given, namely, 8d. a gallon, should be continued for a period of 12 years from 1938. Such an extention would benefit your company, and I trust that H.M. Government will take an early opportunity of passing legislation to implement this recommendation.

RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT

Every Operating Group continues to devote active attention to research and development and our rate of annual expenditure for this purpose is larger than ever. The total number of staff employed in these activities is over a thousand. Our Research Council, and the various Research Committees, which include many of the leading scientists in the country, provide our own technical experts not only with a wide background of general scientific knowledge but also with advice on recondite problems. The Council, founded by the late Lord Melchett, has been of great assistance.

The discovery of "Velan" by the Dyestuffs Group was a remarkable chemical achievement. "Velan" forms a water repellent compound with textile fibres and can be applied to silk, cotton, rayon, wool and other materials without altering their appearance or character, except for the better. Active research on new products for the control of pests is proceeding in the Group laboratories and at Jealott's Hill. We are working on the development of specialised pharmaceutical and medicinal products, which are expected to become an important part of the Dyestuffs Group's activities.

Our chlorinated rubber sold under the name of "Alloprene" is of growing importance in the paint and lacquer industries. A method has been evolved of producing from coal a highly reactive charcoal, which is an important raw material for some of our manufactures.

In our research work on rubber plastics and polymers of various kinds we continually discover materials with new combinations of physical and electrical properties.

We shall be participating in the Empire Exhibition at Glasgow which opens next month, where the Company will have its own Pavilion.

1937 ABROAD

International trade during the year 1937 has been largely under the influence of two opposing factors. During the first quarter commodity prices continued to rise, confidence was growing and industry was making plans entailing the increased consumption of raw materials. The Government's rearmament programme gave assurance of heavy and continuous demand for basic materials for some time to come. In America also conditions appeared to justify the expectation of a period of expanding business.

On the other hand, the war in Spain continued to drag on and to have its indirect effect on the political tensions between various European nations. In August the situation in the Far East suddenly became critical and it has now involved the two great nations of the Far East in a struggle of the first magnitude. Primary prices sagged after April and a sudden fall in business took place in the United States. As a result, the confidence which could be fully justified on economic grounds has, for the time being at any rate, been weakened, so that although foreign trade in many directions has continued to expand, the expectation of a period of steadily increasing prosperity may be deferred. In spite of this partial and, I hope, temporary setback, the overseas trade of your Company has made progress in many directions. In India, we have been faced with the need to establish local manufacturing units both to meet the expanding requirements of the country and to fulfil reasonable national aspirations for local development. A company has, therefore, been formed which will erect works in the Punjab and Bengal for the manufacture of Alkali and Chlorine products.

In the Far East ordinary trading has become exceedingly difficult and commerce is likely to be set back for a period.

(*Continued on page 710*)

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES

(*Continued from page 709*)

Plans for industrial development by co-operation between your Company and Chinese interests were being actively considered and in some directions showed promising prospects. These plans have, of course, had to be postponed indefinitely, while the import business it is still possible to conduct is fraught with much difficulty and risk.

Turning now to Japan, that country is facing a great emergency, with the result that ordinary commercial activities are more or less suspended But the diversion of Japanese factories from industrial to war purposes has diminished supplies available for export, so that Japanese competition throughout the world has in most of our products fallen to negligible proportions and increased sales of your Company's products have followed at better prices.

In the Near East the industrialisation of Turkey has continued and while it has in some directions curtailed imports, it has on the whole brought about a larger demand for your Company's products.

Spain is another important market where political conditions make it impossible to say when normal trade will be resumed. Elsewhere, however, and indeed in practically all countries where the peaceful processes of commerce are not being interrupted, definite and satisfactory progress has been made in your Company's business. Exchange regulations still tend to form a brake on the progress of trade, but ways and means can sometimes be found to overcome these difficulties.

While fully alive to the national importance of export business, because of its influence upon the country's balance of payments, especially when re-armament compels the importation of additional raw materials, we cannot close our eyes to the fact that much of this business is conducted on a very narrow margin of profit. Rising costs at home, due partly to the increased price of materials and partly to higher standards of wages—not unnaturally sought by the Labour organisations—may so encroach upon the present narrow margin of profit as to wipe it out altogether. If costs are pressed too high, the volume of home employment will surely suffer.

Our interests in China, Spain and Palestine suffered severely last year and we had to provide, out of profits, for consequential losses on debtors, stocks and property. In Brazil, new and severe restrictions upon exchange have also clouded the prospects of trade with that country. Australia, Canada, South Africa—all prospered in 1937.

Profits

Provision for the Central Obsolescence and Depreciation Fund has been raised from £1,000,000 to £1,500,000; taxation liabilities have been increased, partly by the N.D.C.; provision has been made for war losses; and we have not brought into the Profit and Loss Account the stock dividend of Imperial Chemical Industries of Australia and New Zealand Limited. Notwithstanding these provisions, the Company's net profit showed a further increase of £307,378, or 4 per cent.

The Board have again appropriated £1,500,000 to the General Reserve, while the appropriation for the Workers' Pension Fund, to cover the cost attributable to past service, was actuarially calculated at £172,000. After making these appropriations there is left £5,838,707, which with the £665,142 brought forward from last year makes a total of £6,503,849 available for dividend and carry forward. A Preference dividend of £1,663,512 was paid on the due dates, leaving a balance of £4,840,337.

The Board recommend a final dividend of 5½ per cent. on the Ordinary stock, which with the 3 per cent. interim dividend already paid, makes a total dividend for the year of 8½ per cent. on that stock. The ordinary dividend requires a sum of £4,284,158, which will leave £556,179 to be carried forward to 1938.

The Chairman then dealt with the Balance Sheet in detail and, continuing, said:—

Investment Policy

Some comments have been made on the Company's policy of keeping its marketable investments in Ordinary stocks of industrial companies at home and abroad. When I.C.I. was formed it took over large blocks of such holdings from the merging companies. The past experience of those companies and the subsequent experience of your Company itself has, when regard is paid to the primary revenue test of annual yield and the secondary capital test of net profit on realisation, fully justified that policy.

These marketable investments form a reserve source for conversion into liquid resources as may be required by our capital expenditure programmes. When the Company was formed, such investments amounted to £16½ million, against an issued capital of £58 million. At the end of last year these investments had fallen to £7½ million, while the issued capital is £74 million. In the meantime we hold them as permanent investments, not lightly subject to change and, therefore, not as speculative counters. We know that their market values are subject to fluctuation, but as we only draw on them from time to time, we have so far been able to do so when the sale has yielded us a net capital profit. The only exception concerns the German investments.

Summing up the whole of our investment transactions, we have a net capital profit of £3,600,000. These capital profits have on no occasion been brought into the annual Profit and Loss Account, but have all been used for capital purposes.

The average yield on investments which were acquired from the founding companies on the inception of the merger is 7 per cent. on the original merger values. On the post merger marketable investments still held at the 31st December last, the average yield on the cost value has been 4 per cent. This lower rate of return is largely attributable to the very low rate of return on the German investments.

On the whole, I am sure that these figures will convince stockholders that the Board's investment policy has not been unjustified by its results.

During recent months a new factor has been introduced by the fundamental economic changes which are taking place in the United States. The differences between labour and capital and those between business and the President seem so deep-seated as to throw some doubt upon the future trend of earning capacity of American industry. Possibly these changes are so fundamental that an investment policy which was right in the past may now need revision. The Board's duty, as they conceive it, is not to be influenced by day-to-day movements, but to follow the wisest course over a period of years.

Consolidated Balance Sheet.

The total assets aggregate £110½ millions, including intangible assets of £15½ millions. This sum equals just over 2 years' purchase of the net profits of the Company for 1937. The liquid position is strong, for the current assets exceed the current liabilities by £19¾ millions.

The obsolescence reserves of £5½ millions represent 12 per cent. of the book value of the freehold buildings, plant and machinery.

Investments in associated companies in Africa, Canada, and elsewhere stand at £7⅛ millions. In the opinion of your Board both these investments and the fixed assets generally are valued on a very conservative basis.

Staff and Labour Relations

This year again it is impossible for me to speak too highly of the loyalty and zeal of our staff and workers, not only in this country, but wherever they may be stationed throughout the world. In Great Britain alone there are nearly 62,000 employees, compared with 56,000 a year ago, and 53,500 in 1935. No company, I believe, commands the services of a more able or willing body. The Board and every branch of the management are keenly interested in their conditions of service, welfare and health.

Our relations with organised labour remain on the most cordial footing, as is proved by the recent successful negotiations on wages and working conditions conducted directly or indirectly with 23 Trade Unions.

Prospects for 1938

The profits of the company and, indeed, of British industry as a whole, have now been moving steadily upwards for five years. In almost every phase of British industrial activity the volume of production in 1937 was a record. In the nine chief manufacturing industries, production in 1937, as a whole, showed an increase of no less than 38 per cent. over 1930.

Yet the same year has recorded the first general interruption in the long upward movement. The initial signal of a change was given by a marked jump in the wholesale prices of industrial materials and manufactures. Until towards the close of 1936 prices of basic materials were still below 1930 levels. By the end of the year they had risen 10 per cent. above it, and in April, 1937, the increase was over 32 per cent.

It was this psychological moment that President Roosevelt chose to announce his opinion that prices were too high. A decline quickly followed, until in December last year the level was back to 7 per cent. above 1930. In this country the new impost of a National Defence Contribution was almost simultaneously proposed by the Government. But before either of these events had occurred, the Stock Exchange, with an anticipation almost uncanny in its accuracy, had begun as early as November, 1936, to reflect a change in public opinion of the future prospects for industrial equities, despite still active conditions of trade and a continuous flow of excellent company reports and balance sheets. The fall in their market values has proceeded steadily ever since, and towards the close of 1937 business indices tended to show that the peak of activity had been passed.

No one has fathomed the mystery of these waves of industrial and commercial activity, which bear the name of trade cycles, but if it is true that a cyclical movement extending roughly over nine years is to be expected, then the general outlook for the next two or three years would not be prepossessing.

Much of the future must depend on the United States. Sound or unsound business conditions there are of major significance to the world as a whole. The precipitate decline of business there last autumn was quicker and steeper than on almost any previous occasion. Yet we remain firm believers in the resilience of the American economy and its latent power of recovery.

Even if British industrial activity in 1938 shows some decline, it does not follow that your Company will be affected in the same measure as general business. Our interests are widespread, not only by products but also by markets. Fortunately, we tend to move downwards more slowly in a recession and to recover more quickly on an upward movement than industry at large. Your Company was never in a sounder position. As trade currents have changed, as one source of demand has shrunk and another expanded, we have adjusted our manufacturing resources and values accordingly. We have replaced efficient by more efficient plant, we have cut out dead wood and substituted new capacities in products and markets of promise for those of less earning power. So far this year we have reason to be satisfied with the results of our business, and I shall therefore hope to meet you again next year with a Report and Balance Sheet with which you will not be dissatisfied.

The Report and Accounts were adopted.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

A Course of Three Lectures on "THE FRENCH REVOLUTION" will be given (in French) by PROF. G. LEFEBVRE (Professor of History of the French Revolution at the Sorbonne) at the UNIVERSITY OF LONDON: THE SENATE HOUSE (entrance from Russell Square, W.C.1) on MAY 2nd, 3rd and 4th, at 5.30 p.m. At the First Lecture the Chair will be taken by PROF. C. K. WEBSTER, Litt.D., F.B.A. (Stevenson Professor of International History in the University).
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FREE RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT towards world religion and world brotherhood. Meetings on Sundays at 11 a.m., at Lindsay Hall, The Mall, Notting Hill Gate, W.8. Leader: REV. WILL HAYES. April 24th: DR. GRETA A. BLACK, "THE SATIRES AND PROFANITIES OF JAMES THOMSON."

THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queen's Road, Bayswater, W.2. Sunday, April 24th, at 11, DR. PRYNS HOPKINS: "POLITICS AND SPIRITUAL LIFE." 7 p.m., DR. RUTH VON SCHULZE-GAVERNITZ: "RELIGION AND THE CRITICAL MIND."

SEX EDUCATION CENTRE, 13 Eccleston Street, S.W.1. Consultations 1s.; Library books 2d.; Catalogue 6d. Open Mondays 7–9 p.m. Visitors welcomed.

CONWAY MEMORIAL LECTURE. LORD HORDER will deliver the Twenty-ninth Lecture, entitled "OBSCURANTISM," at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1, on Wednesday, April 27th. Chair to be taken by Lord Snell, at 7 p.m. Admission free. Reserved seats, 1s. Tickets to be obtained from Conway Hall.

SOUTH PLACE ETHICAL SOCIETY, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn. Sunday, April 24th, at 11 a.m., W. B. CURRY, M.A., B.Sc.: "PUNISHMENT." 6.30 p.m., Concert Chamber Music. Admission free. Visitors welcome.

THE SOCIETY FOR CREATIVE PSYCHOLOGY, 8 Fitzroy Street, W.1. Friday, April 29th, at 8.30 p.m.: Dr. Karin Stephen on "THE PSYCHOLOGY OF PACIFISM." Admission 1s.

SCHOOLS AND EDUCATIONAL

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President of the Board of Governors: Gilbert Murray, Esq., D.C.L., LL.D., D.Litt., F.B.A., Emeritus Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford.
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SCHOOLS—continued

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SCHOOLS—continued

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